1840

POEMATIA

LATINE PARTIM REDDITA

PARTIM SCRIPTA A

VINCENTIO BOURNE

COL. TRIN. CANTAB.

SOC.

ALDI DISCIPVLVS ANGLVS

LONDINI

GULIELMUS PICKERING

CHARLES WHITTINGHAM, LONDON.

NOBILISSIMO PRINCIPI

THOMÆ DUCI NOVOCASTRENSI

OTIUM HOC POETICUM NULLO POTIUS

QUAM CONDISCIPULI

NOMINE COMMENDATUM HUMILLIME

OFFERT ET DEDICAT

VINCENTIUS BOURNE

CONTENTS.

*** The year inserted before the folio is that in which the Poems first appeared.

TRANSLATIONS BY COWPER.

THE POEMS OF VINCENT BOURNE

WITH MEMOIR AND NOTES BY THE

REV. JOHN MITFORD.

LIFE OF VINCENT BOURNE.

BY THE REV. J. MITFORD.

IT has been the general complaint of the biographers of literary men, that the lives which they have to examine and record possess few circumstances that can sufficiently diversify their narrative, so as to make it engage the attention of the public mind. Of Vincent Bourne, however, it may be said, not that what is known of him is devoid of interest, for that is far from being the case, but that scarcely any remembrance of his life has been preserved. "Qui bene latuit, bene vixit," seems to have been the motto of his easy and unambitious mind: and his scholars, eager perhaps to lose sight of the tutor, subsequently ceased to recollect the poet and the man. We might almost say, that we are better acquainted with the lives of Shakespeare and Spenser, than with that of a poet who lived in times so near to our own. A few meagre dates, which only mark some unimportant æras of his life, have alone been handed down to us, without any accompanying facts; as if the

enumeration of the milestones on a road were to form a satisfactory description of the features and scenery of a country. Subsequently, some casual and familiar touches, which dropped from the pen of Cowper, added to the resemblance; but the likeness, though pleasantly, was hastily and slightly sketched, and the portrait remains still unfinished. The present Editor has been perhaps a little more successful than those who have preceded him, in the materials he has collected; but they are so few, as to make him confess himself disappointed as to the success of his research. The late Rev. Mr. Nares, a diligent and accomplished scholar, was the only person who appeared publicly to evince much interest in the poetry of Vincent Bourne; but even he was too late in his inquiries to collect any information from the contemporaries of the Poet; and all other sources seem to have been examined in vain. We will now lay before our readers what we possess; and accompany, though on less familiar terms than we could have wished, the Poet in that path of life which he preferred and loved; the

Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.

The very scanty information which we possess of Vincent Bourne's parentage and birth-place is derived from the following entry in the book of Trinity College, Cambridge: "Maii 27,

1714. Vincentius Bourne, annos natus 19, filius Andreæ Bourne, Westmonasteriensis; electus in hoc Collegio, e scholâ Reg: Westmonasteriensis sub Preceptore, Doctore Freind.

Mro. Baker, Tute.

We find from the list of King's scholars, that he was admitted on the foundation at Westminster in the year 1710, at the age of fifteen; and from Mr. Welsh's list of Westminster scholars, we have the following Elections, in the year 1714, for the Universities:

TO OXFORD.	TO CAMBRIDGE.
John Wigan.*	Richard Cuthbert.
William Davies.	Thomas Fitzgerald.‡
Salusbury Cade.	*Vincent Bourne.*§
George Toblett.	Henry Geast.
David Gregory.†	

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* John Wigan, a physician, editor of Aretæus, and of Dr. Freind's Works, died in Jamaica, 1739. (There are several copies of verses by J. and G. Wigan in the Carmina Quadragesimalia.) Ed.

† David Gregory, professor of modern history and languages, Canon of Christ Church, 1736, Canon of Carlisle, 1736, Dean 1756, Master of Sherborne Hospital, 1759, son-in-law to the late Duke of Kent; died 1767.

‡ T. Fitzgerald, usher of Westminster School, editor of Martial and Terence, used in Westminster School, and author of a volume of poems.

§ Vincent Bourne, usher of Westminster School, and an elegant Latin Poet.

Vincent Bourne succeeded to a fellowship of Trinity College in due time, took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1717, and that of Master of Arts in 1721. In the same year he edited a collection of Carmina Comitialia, (Tripos Verses) in which some of his own Poems appeared at the end, under the title of "Miscellanea." He afterwards became one of the ushers of Westminster School, in which situation he remained till the time of his death. In 1734, he printed a volume of his Poems, which he dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle;* this edition was reprinted in 1735. A new edition appeared in 1743, with an appendix of a hundred and twelve pages. This was the last edition superintended by the Author, who died on the 2nd December, 1747. In his Will, he describes himself of St. Margaret's, Westminster; desires to be buried in privacy in some neighbouring church of England; and gives all his worldly goods to Lucia, his wife. His will is dated 52th December, 1727. In 1745 he makes a codicil, wherein he says that he then had two children by Lucia his wife, Thomas and Lucia, and he speaks of a farm near Bungay, in Suf-

* A contemporary notice, in the London Magazine, states that "Mr. Vincent Bourne, *one of the assistants of Westminster School*, was appointed to succeed Thomas Ward, esq. deceased, as housekeeper to the House of Commons, as also to be deputy Serjeant-at-arms to the said House." The appointment took place in Nov. 1734.

folk, and of a house which he had built in Westminster. In 1747, a second codicil is made, wherein he says, that his son was a second Lieutenant in the Marines, and going to India in the Government Service, to whom he gives the farm at his mother's decease: the widow proved the will the 22nd December, 1747.* By declining to enter into holy orders, Vincent Bourne closed up the road which would have led to preferment and worldly advantage. It has been said that the Duke of Newcastle offered him very valuable ecclesiastical preferments.† It appears, however, from a passage in the following letter to his wife, written a few weeks before his death, that most conscientious motives, arising from the importance of the charge, and a mistrust of his own sufficiency, were the honourable causes of the resolution which he had formed:—

"Being warned by the hand of God that my dissolution draweth nigh, I thank the Divine Goodness for giving me this timely notice, and not cutting me off suddenly in the midst of my sins: that he has granted me leisure, and a due

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* For the above information, I am indebted to the very obliging researches of Charles George Young, Esq. York Herald.

† See Ed. 1826, p. xvi. By the late noble Duke, I presume that the Duke of Newcastle is intended, who gave all the preferments to *Freind*, viz: a stall at Westminster, and a canonry of Christ Church. Well might he call the Duke, in his Ode, "Suo Patrono Amplissimo."—See Poemata Anglorum, p. 219.

sense of my follies and corruptions, and thereby enabled me to make my reconciliation with Him before that I am no more seen. I esteem it as a great instance of His mercy, that he has not afflicted me with any delirium or disease that would have deprived me of my memory or senses, but has visited me with a distemper, which, however otherwise grievous, has given me time and opportunity to look back into my past life, and with seriousness and attention to consider my latter end.

" Upon recollection, I find the offences of my youth, and the transgressions of my riper years are so many, that, were not the mercy of God as infinite as His justice, I might despair of pardon. But, through the merits and intercession of a crucified Saviour, I humbly hope forgiveness. As the Almighty has himself declared that he delighteth not in the death of a sinner, I beseech Him that His extensive compassion may reach even unto me; and in dutiful confidence thereof, I submit myself to His holy will, with resignation, constancy, and cheerfulness.

" For that part of my behaviour that relates to my fellow-creature, man; if that should happen to be less exceptionable; if I have not willingly and deliberately injured my neighbour by calumny, oppression, or extortion, not unto me, but unto God, be the praise. I hope it may in some measure compensate for my many

other misdeeds, and so far procure the favor and candour of all those who are so sensible of their own failings, as to overlook and forget mine.

"There is one thing which I have often heard myself charged with; and that is, my neglect of entering into holy orders, and a due preparation for that sacred office. Though I think myself in strictness answerable to none but God and my own conscience, yet for the satisfaction of the person that is dearest to me, I own and declare that the importance of so great a charge, joined with a mistrust of my own sufficiency, made me fearful of undertaking it: if I have not in that capacity assisted in the salvation of souls, I have not been the means of losing any; if I have not brought reputation to the function by any merit of mine, I have the comfort of this reflection, I have given no scandal to it by my meanness and unworthiness. It has been my sincere desire, though not my happiness, to be as useful in my little sphere of life as possible; my own inclinations would have led me to a more likely way of being serviceable, if I might have pursued them: however, as the method of education I have been brought up in was, I am satisfied, very kindly intended, I have nothing to find fault with, but a wrong choice, and the not knowing those disabilities I have since been truly conscious of: those difficulties I have endeavoured to get over, but found them insuperable. It has been the knowledge of these

discouragements that has given me the greatest uneasiness I have ever met with: that has been the chief subject of my sleeping as well as waking thoughts, a fear of reproach and contempt. To the question, what I now am?—I answer, an unhappy composition of weakness, folly, and sin; but what I shall be hereafter, is that which startles and perplexes me. Here, I am lost in amazement and dread! The most pleasing and the dearest engagements of this world, as having nothing in them solid, sincere, or lasting, I could readily forego; but the looking-for of that unknown state into which I am to enter, when I put off this body of frailty and corruption, is confounding and terrible. The prospect into futurity is all darkness and uncertainty: nor can the nearest relative or friend who is gone before me repass the gulf that is fixed between us, to give me the least notice or intimation of it. 'Tis this thought that forbids me, polluted as I now am, though ever so much wearied with life, to wish for dissolution: this reminds me, that though the body be sleeping and mouldering in the grave, the soul dieth not, nor yet slumbereth: the place and condition of unbodied spirits, who of all mankind knoweth? What thought can conceive that which the eye never saw, nor the ear heard of? who shall inform me of that state from whence there is no return?

"Surely there is a reward for the righteous!

the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are undoubtedly in joy and felicity; but then where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? Where shall I, who have spent many years in idleness and vanity, and have no merit of my own to plead for me, where shall I, who have not treasured up one good work to bespeak the favour of the Almighty, and have only the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and those very sufferings often slighted, trampled upon, and rejected by me, to offer in my behalf? But, oh! may the goodness of God, if there be still mercy left for me, while it is yet called to-day, before the night cometh on, so assist me with his grace in working out my salvation, that neither the desire of life, nor the dread of death, may withdraw my thoughts from him: but that, in this my day, I may consider the things which make for my peace, before they are hid from my eyes. In humble confidence thereof, and in full assurance of his most gracious mercy to all returning sinners, I will endeavour to fortify and prepare myself against the terrors of death."

In adding to the few foregoing notices the following pleasing and elegant letter, which was addressed to a young lady, whose name is not given, I have, with a slight exception, hereafter to be mentioned, communicated to the reader all the slender stock of materials which I possess relating to the author.

* "I am just come from indulging a very pleasing melancholy in a country churchyard, and paying a respectful visit to the dead, of which I am one day to increase the number. As the solemnity and awfulness of the place does instantly affect the beholder, the solitude and silence of it does equally dispose him to attention and meditation, so that we nowhere find a more useful and improving retirement. Every monument has its instruction, and every hillock has its lesson of mortality. I have, by this means, in a short space of time read the history of the whole village; and could tell the names of its principal families for the last thirty or forty years. I might perhaps go a little higher; but here, by the injury of time and weather, the register begins to be interrupted, and the letters are generally so defaced, that if an inscription can be made out, it is not without much difficulty and conjecture. 'Tis not, however, without great compassion, I see the kind endeavour of the survivor to preserve the memory of a departed friend so soon frustrated and disappointed. To continue the remembrance of the deceased, though by a mound of earth, a turf of grass, or a rail of wood, is an instance of affection and humanity equal to the most costly monuments of brass and marble, in everything but expense and duration, and yet how perishable

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* From the quarto edition, p. 315.

are even those! how fruitless is the expense, and how short the duration.

"The churchyard I look on as the rendezvous of the whole parish, whither people of all ages and conditions resort. It is the common dormitory where, after the labours of life are over, they all lie down and repose themselves together in the dust. The little cares and concerns they had when living are here entirely forgotten; nor comes there hither any uneasiness or enmity to disquiet or interrupt their rest. The jealousies and fears, the discontents and suspicions, the animosities and misunderstandings, which embitter men one against another, are all determined. Here end all resentments and contentions. We have this satisfaction withal in death, that it is of perfect equality. The rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the wise and the foolish, all lie down together and are blended in the dust. Here it is that no one is greater or less than another; for rottenness admits of no distinctions, and corruption has no superiority. The fairest shall be a stench, and the most beautiful shall be loathsome. Rejoice, then, thou that art despised: and be comforted, thou that art lightly esteemed. For the time cometh, when the haughtiest shall be made low, and the meanness of the great be as thine. The despitefulness of the proud, and the loftiness of the scornful, shall be humbled together, and the foot of the beggar shall trample on them.

" I will allow that the pomp of a great man may adorn his funeral, and flattery may attend it with coronets, pedigrees, and banners. Whatever is beyond, is nuisance only, and abhorrence. The sepulchre too may be painted without, but within is full of filthiness and uncleanness; and the corpse may be wrapt in velvet and fine linen, yet in velvet and fine linen it shall rot. The leaden coffin and the arched vault may separate it from vulgar dust; but even here shall the worm find it, nor shall his hunger be satisfied till he strip it to the bones. In the meanwhile the laboured epitaph is mocking it with titles, and belying it with praises. The passenger must be stayed to lament its loss; and the reader is called upon to weep, that a person illustriously descended should be so like the rest of his fellow creatures, as to die.

" The procession may be long, and set off with all the finery that pride can invent, or money can purchase; insomuch that women shall stand amazed, and children shall hold up their hands with astonishment. Yet all this midnight show, which has raised the curiosity of multitudes, and with purposed delays has increased it into impatience, can go no further with him than to his grave: here must all his state leave him, and the honours are his no longer.

" Having thus amused myself in contemplating the vanity of human greatness,—What is it,

said I, that can thus make us startle, and shrink at the thoughts of death? The mighty and the rich of the world may tremble; but what is the sting of death to those whose life has been altogether misery? or what power has the grave over the unhappy? Is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt? Is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who had no place to flee unto? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace. This wipes off the sweat of the poor labouring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller. This dries up the tears of the disconsolate, and maketh the heart of the sorrowful to forget its throbbing. 'Tis this eases the agonies of the diseased, and giveth a medicine to the hopeless incurable. This discharges the naked and hungry insolvent; it releases him from his confinement, who must not otherwise have come thence till he had paid the uttermost farthing. 'Tis this that rescues the slave from his heavy task-master; and frees the prisoner from the cruelties of him that cannot pity. This silences the clamours of the defamer, and hushes the virulence of the whisperer. The infirmities of age, and the unweariness of youth, the blemishes of the deformed, the frenzies of the lunatic, and the weaknesses of the idiot, are here all buried together, and who shall see them? Let the men

of gaiety and laughter be terrified with the scene of their departure, because their pleasure is no more: but let the sons of wretchedness and affliction smile, and be comforted, for their deliverance draweth nigh, and their pain ceaseth.

"With these and many other reflections, which the compass of a letter cannot contain, I left the chambers of the dead. What first occurred to me after this solitary walk, I have communicated to you: at present, perhaps, you may think them little worthy your regard; or look on them, at best, as the product of a sickly and distempered brain. A lecture of mortality to a maiden in the prime of her health and beauty, you may suppose can come only from a gloomy and disturbed mind, to fortify and prepare the soul against the day when the face of the fairest shall gather blackness, the heart of the strongest shall fail, and the mirth of the most frolicsome shall depart from him. The prospect, I believe, may be unwelcome, but unseasonable it cannot be, while youth is subject to diseases, and while beauty is deceitful. I desire you to accept of this night-piece, drawn by an artless hand: and when that hand shall be mouldering in dust, to peruse the picture, and then be assured, that though it be artless, —'tis true.

"It must be the frequent perusal of grave-stones and monuments, and the many walks I

have taken in a churchyard, that have given me so great a distaste for life: the usual sight of mortality, corruption, and nakedness, must inevitably lead one to a serious reflection on the vanity of all worldly greatness. The very pride of a man, considered in this view, is his reproach, and his haughtiness becomes his shame. From this representation of human meanness and frailty may be drawn excellent lessons of humility to the ambitious, and very comfortable instructions to the dejected and low spirited.

"Amidst the various interruptions and diversions of life, and which take up by far the best and most valuable part of it, there is one thought still, ever and anon, arising in the mind: which is, What shall the end of these things be? This is a thought that will not be wholly stifled and suppressed; for the answer is ready, peremptory, and convincing—The end is death. If death then be, as it undeniably is, a cessation from vanity, for such is almost everything we call pleasure, what courage and constancy, what manliness and resolution, does it not require to be at once stripped of all these dear enjoyments which engage and destroy so considerable a part of our lives. There lives not that man of gaiety who would not be startled with the thought of being snatched away from his delights: yet what is more frequent? A prisoner, who has deluded himself with the expectation

of a reprieve, would be extremely shocked to be called away from the midst of his mirth to execution."*

Cowper, who was placed at Westminster School in the year 1741, and who remained there till after Vincent Bourne's death, has given a few touches towards completing the faint portrait we possess, and which are valuable, both from the source from whence they come, and for the information, however casual and brief, which they impart. In a letter dated May 10, 1781, to the Rev. John Newton, he says, "I am much obliged for your offer to support me in a translation of Bourne. It is but seldom, however, and never except for my amusement, that I translate; because I find it disagreeable to work by another man's pattern. I should be sure at least to find it so in a business of any length. Again, *that* is epigrammatic and witty in Latin, which would be perfectly insipid in English, and a translator of Bourne would fre-

* The letter from Vincent Bourne to his wife, and the one addressed to a young lady, (which has much the appearance of having been intended for insertion in a periodical paper,) were both printed for the first time by the editor of the ed. 1772, 4to. who appears to have had access to some unpublished MSS. of Bourne, but who has impaired our confidence in the authenticity of the additional matter, by every method of concealment that he could use, neither giving his name, nor any account of the papers he possessed: he has also inserted poems written and acknowledged by other persons.

quently find himself obliged to supply what is called the *turn*, which is in fact the most difficult and the most expressive part of the whole composition: and could not perhaps in many instances be done with any tolerable success. If a Latin poem is neat, elegant, and musical, it is enough, but English readers are not so easily satisfied. To quote myself, you will find, on comparing the *Jackdaw* with the original, that I was obliged to sharpen a point, which, though smart enough in the Latin, would in English have appeared as plain, and as blunt, as the tag of a lace. I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to *him*. I love him too with a love of partiality, because he was Usher of the fifth form at Westminster when I passed through it. He was so good-natured, and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him; for he made me as idle as himself. He was such a sloven, as if he had trusted to his genius, as a cloak for everything that could disgust you in his person, and indeed in his writings he has almost made amends for all. His humour is entirely original; he can speak of a magpie or a cat in terms so exquisitely appropriated to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all his drollery, there is a mixture of ra-

tional and even religious reflection at times, and always an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and humanity,* that makes him in my mind one of the most amiable writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense, who is always entertaining and always harmless, and who, though always elegant and classical, to a degree not always found in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity and playfulness of his ideas, than by the neatness and purity of his verse. Yet such was poor Vinny. I remember seeing the Duke of Richmond set fire to his gray locks, and box his ears to put it out again," &c. In a letter to Mr. Unwin, written August, 1783, Cowper says, "The ballads that Bourne has translated, beautiful in themselves, are still more beautiful in his version of them, infinitely surpassing, in my judgment, all that Ovid or Tibullus have left behind them. They are quite as elegant, and far more touching and pathetic than the tenderest strokes of either." To his friend Mr. Rose he writes, (Nov. 30, 1788,) "I shall

* "This amiable writer's (Vincent Bourne) classical taste was equalled by the goodness of his heart; from conscientious motives, he was induced to refuse a very valuable ecclesiastical preferment, offered him in the most liberal manner by a noble duke." See Nichols's Lit. Anecdotes of the 18th Century, vol. iii. p. 117, note.—"Vincent Bourne was usher to the fourth form at Westminster, and remarkably fond of me. I never heard much of the goodness of heart." (*signed*) T. F. vol. viii. p. 428.

have great pleasure in taking now and then a peep at my old friend Vincent Bourne, the neatest of all men in his versification, though, when I was under his ushership at Westminster, the most slovenly in his person. He was so inattentive to his boys, and so indifferent whether they brought him good or bad exercises, or none at all, that he seemed determined, as he was the best, so to be the last Latin poet of the Westminster line, a plot which I believe he executed very successfully, for I have not heard of any one who has at all deserved to be compared with him."

Cowper corroborated the above favourable opinion of Bourne's poetical talents, by translating above twenty of his poems, which are inserted in this Edition; nor is his praise, though somewhat overstrained, without an intrinsic value, not only as being the judgment of a poet, but of one who himself composed in Latin verse with elegance and facility.

To this we may add the opinion of Dr. Beattie, who, after noticing that Boileau did not know that there were any good poets in England, till Addison made him a present of the Musæ Anglicanæ, remarks that, "Those foreigners must entertain a high opinion of our pastoral poetry who have seen the Latin translations of Vincent Bourne, particularly those of the ballads of Tweed-side, William and Margaret, and Rowe's Despairing beside a clear Stream; of which, it is no compliment to say,

that in sweetness of numbers, and elegant expression, they are at least equal to the originals, and scarce inferior to anything in Ovid or Tibullus."

We now pass to the approbation of another person of no common taste or talents, and who found in parts of Bourne's poetry a spirit and feeling congenial to his own. "Since I saw you," says Mr. C. Lamb, in a letter to a friend, "I have had a treat in the reading way, which comes not every day:—the Latin poems of Vincent Bourne, which were quite new to me. What a heart that man had, all laid out upon town-scenes, a proper counterpart to some people's extravagancies. Why I mention him is, that your power of music reminded me of his poem of the Ballad-Singer in the Seven Dials. Do you remember his Epigram on the Old Woman who taught Newton the A, B, C, which after all, he says, he hesitates not to call Newton's *Principia*. I was lately fatiguing myself by going over a volume of fine words by ———, excellent words: and if the heart could live by words alone, it could desire no better regale: but what an aching vacuum of matter! I don't stick at the madness of it, for that is only in consequence of shutting his eyes, and thinking he is in the age of the old Elizabethan Poets. From them I turned to Vincent Bourne; what a sweet, unpretending, pretty-mannered, matterfull creature! Sucking from every flower,

making a flower of everything. His diction all Latin, and his thoughts all English. Bless him! Latin was not good enough for him; why was he not content with the language which Gay and Prior wrote in?"*

Again, in one of the Essays of Elia (a complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis, vol. i. p. 268), Lamb touches on the same subject. "Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time most English, of the Latinists, who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship in the sweetest of his poems; the Epitaphium in Canem, or Dog's Epitaph. Reader! peruse it, and say, if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis."

The Edition of Vincent Bourne's Poems which appeared in 1772 was reviewed in the Critical Review, (vol. xxxiii. p. 318, April, 1772), and just and liberal praise was bestowed upon his talents. "Notwithstanding," says the Reviewer, "the remarkable diffidence of his own abilities, his writings will be an everlasting testimony of his refined taste and elevated genius. There is such a remarkable felicity, such a classical

* See Memoirs of C. Lamb, by Serjeant Talfourd, vol. ii. p. 16.

purity in his language, such ease and harmony in his versification, that he was, perhaps, at the time in which he wrote, the best Latin poet in Europe. He has translated some of the most elegant little poems in the English language with admirable grace and delicacy. The pieces we mean will be known to almost every reader by these initial lines, 'Despairing beside a clear stream,' 'When all was wrapt in dark midnight,' &c. No translator, perhaps, in any language, could have more easily imitated the ease and gaiety of Mr. Prior, than this exquisite poet. We might select a variety of passages in confirmation of this remark; but these few lines will be sufficient: 'Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade,' &c. In many of his compositions he has displayed a beautiful imagination; in some of them a vein of pleasantry and humour: of this latter kind, is the following description of the company with which he is supposed to have travelled in a stage-coach: 'Usus Quadrigarum.' At the conclusion of this volume, there are several Epitaphs, which have been occasionally written by Mr. Bourne, at the request of his friends, or those who were acquainted with his literary abilities. These have all that simplicity and elegant conciseness which is requisite in monumental inscriptions."*

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* The Monthly Review (August, 1772, vol. xlvii.) gave only the following short notice of the same edition: "These

We have now only to add a fragment or two to what has previously appeared, to complete, as far as we are able, the slight sketch of the character of one who appears to have more than usually interested all who were acquainted with his works; and as both the extracts which will be given are of some importance—one, as affording an additional testimony to the general modesty and gentle virtues of the poet's character; the other, for the singular and extraordinary attack (more extraordinary under the impression we have already received,) on a person of high and unblemished reputation—it is due to the public, to mention the circumstances under which the volume whence the extracts are transcribed came into the hands of the Editor, and the authority that seems to declare them to be authentic. My old friend and tutor, the late Rev. John Baynes, of Exton, near Droxford, Hants, was executor to the Rev. Dr. Chelsum, the well known antagonist of Gibbon, and rector of Droxford. At his death, Mr. Baynes purchased a copy of Vincent Bourne's poems, ed. 1750, in which was the following note in Dr. Chelsum's

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ingenious Latin Poems are well known by every schoolboy that can read the Carmina Quadragesimalia. There is a peculiar beauty and harmony in the structure of Mr. Bourne's versification, and we may say of it, what he says of the river Tweed, in his translation of the famous old song:—

> 'Non, quæ subrepens blando interlabitur agros
> Flumine, tam suavi Tueda decore nitet.'"

handwriting, and with his signature: "The above was transcribed from the handwriting of Mr. Bourne, by his son, into this book, which was given to me by Mrs. Bourne. J. Chelsum." The first manuscript passage occurs at p. 129, at the end of the translation of Dr. Arbuthnot's dedication of his work on Coins, &c. to the King in 1727, 4to. it is as follows:—

"I caused this to be printed, as an instance of Dr. Arbuthnot's gratitude. It is the dedication before his book of ancient coyns, &c. which he has published in his son's name. There is a piece of knavery throughout the whole book, and I have reason to think that he no more wrote it, than his son did the dedication. To the reputation of Dr. Arbuthnot, I never met with less honour and generosity than I have received from him; I scorn to charge that upon his country which he has been guilty of in his private character; he should have remembered his promise, and would have done it, if he had not been a courtier." Of this accusation against Arbuthnot, of disingenuous conduct towards the public, and of want of fidelity and honor to Bourne, what can be said? I confess, that I can throw no light at all upon it; but in justice to Arbuthnot, it must be said, that no person appears to have stood higher in the affection and estimation of his friends (and they were among the foremost in talent and worth), than he did, and no one seemed to have been more deeply

regretted in his death. Unless this passage can be more clearly decyphered, and more supported than it is at present, it cannot be permitted, though its authenticity is indisputable, to cast the slightest soil upon the reputation of one who was perhaps at once the most learned, and most amiable, among the friends of Pope.*

The other note in manuscript, which I find in my copy alluded to above, relates to Vincent Bourne himself: and may be considered as an authentic addition to his biography. This portrait is sketched by his own hand. It is as follows:—

"If any surviving friend will shew his love to my memory by a small tablet, I desire that this, and this only, may be the inscription:

PIETATIS SINCERÆ
SUMMÆQUE HUMILITATIS,
NEC DEI USQUAM IMMEMOR
NEC SUI,
IN SILENTIUM QUOD AMAVIT
DESCENDIT
V. B.

Of Bourne's poetical powers, and of the somewhat exaggerated praise bestowed on them by Cowper, in the passage which has been given

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* "I beg leave (says Dr. Beattie speaking of Arbuthnot,) to quote a few lines from an excellent poem, written by an author *whose genius and virtue were an honour to his country, and to human nature.*"—Essay on Truth, Chap. ii. 3.

above, Mr. W. S. Landor thus expresses himself:—" Novimus quem Tibullo ac Propertio prætulit bonus Cuperus. Mirum est, perperam, ne dicam stolidè judicavit, Poeta pœne inter summos nominandus. *Vinnius* autem, ita appellebant eum familiares, nihil admodum habet suum, et quum aliena quam Latina faceret, frigida est plerumque concinnitatis affectatio, Propertii contra sincera saltem sunt omnia, &c."*

I now conclude with a few observations or rather notes on Bourne's poetry; which at least will serve to show, that I have endeavoured to read the author, whose works are recommended to the public taste, with the diligence and attention he may justly command.

Perhaps in the first poem, " Corydon Querens," Vincent Bourne has not been able to attain to the simple ballad-strain of the original. " Lassatum *salices* sustinuere caput," is not a very happy or very classical translation of " A willow supported his head." Let us take the second stanza, and we shall see how unequal the Latin language was to the vernacular ease, and to the graceful, yet colloquial expression of the English.

* See Idyllia Heroica decem, &c. edit. Sav. Landor, Pisæ, 1820, p. 212.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
  Thus sadly complaining, he cried;
When first I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had died:
She talk'd, and I blest the dear tongue;
  When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
  Was nightingale ever so sweet!

Ah! miserum Corydonem! et durum ante omnia fatum!
  Tristibus his lachrymans ingemit ille modis;
Adspexi vultum, lethoque (heu sidera iniqua!)
  Ex illo intuitu quot graviora tuli!
Nusquam tutus eram; Daphnæ mihi dulcis imago
  Ridentis, dulcis sermo loquentis erat:
Seu caneret, blando captus modulamine, quando
  Tam suave, exclamo, tu, philomela, canes!

and not less in the first part of the next:—

How foolish was I to believe
  She could dote on so lowly a clown;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
  To forsake the fine folk of the town.

Sæpe quidem dixi, miserebitur illa; sed unde
  Tam nostræ fieret rusticitatis amans?
Unde urbis splendorem ea sciret, opesque superbas
  Sordibus exiguæ posthabuisse casæ?

In the eighth stanza of "Gulielmus Susannæ Valedicens," (Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan,) there is something ungraceful in the structure of the second line:—

No longer must she stay aboard:
  They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.

Dixit uterque, Vale; et lachrymis simul oscula miscens,
  Addidit hæc gemitus, ille *recline caput*.

In the fifth stanza of Lucy and Colin, the expression of the Latin translation is too formal and redundant:

> Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
> Vows due to me alone.

> Vota mihi, Juvenis, soli mihi credita, nullâ
> Oh! alienari conditione sinas.

P. 5. "Quid prodest, molles numeros *siquando* movebam;" and so in p. 123, 245. The last syllable of "siquando" is elided by Virgil, Eclog. ii. ver. 23, or made long. See Burman's note on Lotichii, Poem. Ecl. ii. 11. Ovid always makes it long. Propertius generally, and Tibullus, and Flaccus always, except in one instance, Lib. viii. 213.

P. 13. "Dicere cur poteras? et *ego*, rudis, inscia Virgo." Here the last syllable of "ego" is made long against all good authority. See Voss. Art. Gram. ii. c. 27. Burman. ad Ped. Albinov. v. 193, ad Propert. viii. 31, and Drakenb. ad Sil. Ital. p. 865, 4to. see also my note on Gray's Poems, vol. i. p. 186, ed. 1836. (Sapphic Ode to Mr. West), v. 45.

P. 27. "Caseus *esto* tuus, Parma, corona dapum." Vincent Bourne has made the last syllable short in other places, as p 31, 35, 53, 61, 148, 155, 226, but its proper quantity is long: though Juvenal has made it short, Sat. viii. 79: "Estŏ bonus miles, tutor bonus," &c.

Bentley observes on Horace, (p. 395.) Serm. i. 3. v. 140: "Si quid peccavero stultus."

" Perperam, neque enim O finale in verbis temere invenias correptum apud ejus Ævi scriptores."

P. 29. " Nec, canis ut caudam submittam et blandiar *instar;*" is not *instar* too far disjoined from its substantive *canis?*

P. 55. " Quàm male persuades, experiendŏ scies." Vincent Bourne has shortened the gerund in *do,* also p. 194, 222, 224, 243. On this license, consult Burman. on Antholog. Lat. v. i. p. 298, 466, 693, v. 11, p. 722, ad Ovid, Ep. xi. 126.

P. 57. The latter line in the translation of the following couplet is not neatly nor clearly turned:—

He's dropsical, she is sore-eyed,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.

Blæsa illa est oculis, et crura hydropicus ille
Vix trahit; *at letho majus abesse malum est.*

P. 99. " Quæ nullus æquat computus." This word, which has, I believe, no better authority than that of Firmicus, ought scarcely to have been used.

P. 119. " Innocuos fluctus *Britonum* devolvet ab oris."

There is no authority for shortening the first syllable in ' Britones,' though it is frequently done in modern Latin poetry. Juv. Sat. xv. v. 124, " Quam nec terribiles Cimbri, nec *Britones* unquam."

P. 121.

> At videt, mœstum tibi sæpe visum, in-
> jurias, vim, furta, dolos, et inso-
> lentiam, quo semper eunt, eodem
> Ire tenore.

This division of the word at the end of the line in the Sapphic stanza ought to be avoided. Horace has *one* instance in the first line, Od. VI. ii. 1.

> Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, I-
> ule———

two instances in the second line. Od. II. ii. 18.

> Dissidens plebi, numero beato-
> rum eximit virtus.

and Od. IV. ii. 22.

> Plorat, et vires animumque mores*que*
> Aureos, &c.

In the third line, the license is more common, as probably the last Sapphic line, and the Adonic were read as one continuously. See Od. lib. I. xxv. 11.—II. xvi. 7.—III. xxvii. 60. It may also be as well to remark, as some lines of this ode call for it, that Horace makes the division, or pause, after the fifth, sixth, or seventh foot, never after the third, as the moderns do.

P. 145. "Alterutra alterutram quæritque et decipit;" and so p. 135, 193.—On this position of the enclitic after the *third* word in the sentence, see Burman's note on Virg. Æn. vi. 395.

(vol. i 205.) on Anthol. Lat. i. p. 607; on Ovid. Met. xiv. 30; but see Class. Journal, No. xxii. 22, and my note on Gray, vol. i. p. 176, and p. 206, ed. 1836.

P. 149. "Stat tacitus multumque screans." On the syllable being found short before sc. sp. &c. see Burman's note on the Poet. Lat. Minor. p. 571.

P. 159. "Thraïca." Is there authority for this word, as for 'Thracius, Threïcius, and Thracus?' or is it not meant to be Thracia?

P. 169. "Academia." On the penultimate syllable in this word being shortened, see Burman, on Anthol. Lat. v. i. p. 340. and Claudian. p. 248. Wernsdorf Poet. Lat. Minor. vol. vi. p. 1376.

P. 172. "In *Tamisis* tremulâ luce refulsit aquis." Vincent Bourne has used both the short and long quantity in the first syllable of Tamisis, v. p. 182, 207, 243. Milton used the long only. "Me tenet urbs refluâ quam *Tamisis* alluit undâ."

P. 230. "Popule Alme Virorum." "Populus statuarum," is used by Cassiodorus, Ep. vii. 13. "Martyrum Populus," by Cyprian.

P. 241. "Omnia mirari præsens, crinemque, coloremque." See on this final "que," Burman on Virg. i. 452.

EDITIONS.

Carmina Comitialia Cantabrigiensia. Edidit V. B. Coll. Trin. Socius. Londini Typis T. Redmayne, 1721. We shall give the advertisement to this edition:

"Poeticas hasce exercitationes tibi, Lector benevole, in manus tradimus; perpaucas quidem, atque olim editas, sed Chartulis sparsim mandatas et in Libellum jam demum congestas. Quod ad paucitatem spectat, qui in ôpusculis hujusmodi collegendis versantur, satis norunt quam arduum editoribus obeundum sit munus, quæ in aliis rogitandis fuerint solicitationes, quæ in aliis non rogitandis offensiones. Minus itaque, uti speramus, invidisse pauculas has Prolusiones in publicum de novo emittimus, quæ si quicquam tibi afferant voluptatis, optandum restat ut ea quæ desiderantur, Poemata, ad nos transmittantur, cum iis quæ nobis in manu sunt, in alterum hujusmodi fasciculum continuo colligenda. Hæc interim, amice Lector, benigne accipe et vale."

This volume consists of 96 pages; at the 72nd, the Carmina Comitialia cease: and at p. 73 the title is Miscellanea: among which,

P. 77. Corydon Querens. Carmen Pastorale.
P. 87. Chloe Venatrix.
P. 88. Amor Inermis.
P. 95. Epitaphium in Canem.

are known as V. Bourne's by their being inserted in the

editions of his Poems published by himself. On the other poems in this volume we shall speak hereafter.

II. Thyrsis et Chloe; Votum Dr. G. Pope, et Corydon Querens. Tres Cantilenæ Anglicæ Celebratioris Nominis Latine redditæ, Londini, sumpt. B. Barker, Bibl. Westmonast. 1728. This edition also contained Epitaphium in Canem, iterum editum. These poems had separate title pages; and that of Corydon Querens was the third edition, and dated 1726, (part 3rd,) with the following dedication: "Honoratissimo Domino Gulielmo Domino Abergavenny Carmen hoc Pastorale Latine redditum, et quod adjicitur elegiacum, humillime offert, et dedicat, Vincentius Bourne." With these is the poem, In obitum Roussæi. Ed. altera, 1726. All these appear to have been printed and sold separately.

III. Poematia Latinè partim reddita, partim scripta: a V. Bourne, Collegii Trinitatis apud Cantabrigiensis aliquando Socio. Londini, sumptibus Authoris. Typis J. Watts. Veneunt apud R. Barker, Bibliopolum Westmonaster. MDCXXXIV. 12mo. pp. 148. 1734. pp. 148. This volume is dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle; it is printed in Italics.

IV. This edition was reprinted in 1735; the Latin poems are all printed in Italics, pp. 136.

V. The third edition, 1743, " adjectis ad Calcem quibusdam novis." The new poems begin at p. 140, and extend to the end; p. 252. This was the last edition printed in the lifetime of the author: the whole pp. 252; printed in Italics. The Appendix was printed separately for the advantage of those that had the previous editions. It has many typographical errors.

VI. The fourth edition was printed in 1750; and was a reprint of the last, printed in Roman characters.

VII. The fifth edition was in 1764, and was a reprint of the two former in Roman type, and is printed with correctness.

VIII. The sixth edition was in 1772, 4to. by subscription.* The title, Miscellaneous Poems, consisting of Originals and Translations by Vincent Bourne, M.A. formerly Fellow of Trinity Coll. Cambridge, and Usher of Westminster School. This edition consisted of pp. 352. It was published without the name of the editor, and contained no preface or advertisement of any kind. In this edition many poems were introduced which had appeared in no previous one; none of them are sanctioned by any authority that are known; and some of them were written by other persons. We shall here give a list of the new poems :

1. Canticum trium Israellitorum.
2. Ode ex initio Psalmi XIX desumta.
3. On the Ascension.
4. On All-Saint's day.
5. In Festum Pentecostis.
6. In idem.
7. In Festum S. Michaelis.
8. In Festum S. Simonis.
9. In Nonas Novembris.
10. In Festum S. Andreæ.
11. In Festum Diis Thomæ.
12. In Calendas Januarii.
13. In Epiphaniam.
14. In Resurrectionem.
15. In Reditum Caroli 2di.
16. In Miltonum. (Written by Peter Keith. See Nares's Letter, p. xl.)
17. Iter per Tamesin.
18. Existentia Entium Incorporeorum colligi potest Lumine Naturæ. This poem is to be found in Popham's Poemata Anglorum, 8vo. p. 314, without any author's name; and is in the Carmina Comitialia, p. 15.

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* This edition was reviewed in the Critical Review April, 1772, Art. IX. p. 312.

19. Rationes Boni et Mali sunt eternæ et immutabiles. See Carm. Comitialia, p. 18. (This was written by Hill.)

20. Lockius non recte statuit de Particula Anglicana BVT. See Carm. Comitialia, p. 25.

21. Fluxus et Refluxus Maris pendent ab actionibus solis et Lunæ. See Carm. Comit. p. 27.

22. Mundus non fuit ab Æterno, p. 43.

23. ΕΞΑΗΜΕΡΟΝ. See Carm. Comitialia, p. 73. (Miscellanea.)

24. Ad Tempus. See Carmina Comitialia, p. 92. (Written by Jortin.) See Lusus Poetici, pt. vii.

25. Planetæ sunt habitabiles. See Carm. Comitialia, p. 31.

26. Camera Obscura. See Carm. Comitialia, p. 35; (written by Dr. George, and) inserted in Musæ Etonienses, t. ii. p. 140, translated by Soame Jenyns, v. Poems, p. 176, ed. 1752.

27. Deus est cognoscibilis Lumine Naturæ. See Carm. Comit. p. 39.

28. Laterna Megalographica. See Carm. Comit. p. 47. (Written by Walter Tisby.)

29. Sonus propagatur per Aërem. See Carm. Comit. p. 51. (Written by Dr. C. Harding.)

30. E Turribus altis dat Campana Sonum.

31. In obitum Decani Aldrich. (Written by S. Wigan.)

32. Fallere credentem non res operosa. (In the Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 33.)

33. Epilogus Ethiopissæ ad Terentii Eunuchum.

34. Epilogue to Ignoramus by Antonius.

35. Epilogue to Andria by Simo.

36. Epilogus Lesbiæ Obstetricis.

37. Epilogue to Ignoramus.

38. Epilogue to Henry the 4th.

39. De Musto.

40. Inest sua gratia Parvis.

41. Sis quod vis, dummodo sis aliquid.

42. Magnas territat Urbes Rumor.
43. Poteris tutior esse domi.
44. Grande Doloris ingenium. (This poem is in the Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 41.)
45. Respue quod non es.
46. Dulce et decorum est pro Patriâ mori. (This poem is in the Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 26.)
47. Suave est ex magno tollere acervo.
48. Eutrapelus cuicunque nocere volebat vestimenta dabat pretiosa.
49. Dant animos Socii.
50. Vos non Vobis.
51. Pares cum Paribus facillimè congregantur.
52. Dicite defectus Solis.
53. Plus ultra.
54. Aliorum obsequere studiis.
55. Amica silentia.
56. Votum. (Written by Jortin.) See Lusus Poetici, No. iii.
57. On an open grave.
58. In effossum sepulchrum.
59. In obitum Magistri Hanbury.
60. In obitum Magistri Cotes.
61. In statuam sepulchralem Infantis dormientis.
62. Memoriæ sacrum Benjamini Ferrers.
63. Carmen Lapidarium.
64. Epitaphia.

Upon what principle the author of this edition made his Selections, or what authority he had for them, I am unable to say: some of these poems, as we have seen, are taken from other writers; and none in the Carmina Comitialia have any mark to distinguish them as V. Bourne's. In the absence therefore of any explanation on the part of the editor, it will be hardly uncharitable to presume that he inserted this mass of new and unauthorized poems to swell out the volume for the satis-

faction of his subscribers. Where many of the poems, which did not come from the Carm. Comitialia, are to be found, the editor is unable to say; but some he has traced to the Lusus Westmonasteriensis, printed in 1730.

IX. The seventh edition, 1808, Oxon.

X. The eighth edition, 1825, Ox. follows that of 1772, 4to.

In the Gent. Mag. 1748, is an advertisement. "Three Songs by Vincent Bourne, 8vo. price 6*d*, Roberts."

In March, 1826, the Rev. Dr. Nares wrote to the editor of the Gents. Magazine:

MR. URBAN, Bloomsbury, March 30th, 1826.

A VERY neat edition (being the sixth) of the exquisite "Poemata" of Vinny Bourne, as Cowper affectionately calls him, has very recently issued from an Oxford press; concerning which, I only regret that I had not known the editor and his intentions before the book appeared. I could have pointed out a few of the poems which were inadvertently inserted in the quarto edition of 1772, though not productions of Bourne; and I could have assigned them to the real authors. These notices I obtained on the authority of the venerable Dr. Lloyd, so long under-master of Westminster School, communicated to me by the late excellent Dean of Westminster, Dr. Vincent. I could also have furnished from the same intelligence an Epilogue to "Terence's Eunuch,"* spoken at Westminster in 1746; and pointed out another Epilogue, spoken after the "Phormio," which is printed in Popham's "Selecta Poemata Anglorum," (Vol. 3. p. 9.), but there erroneously called a Prologue. Either or both of these, I will take an opportunity of sending to you, if you should wish to have them. They will then be ready for any future edition, or may be added to this,

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* See p. 276 of this edition.

on an additional half sheet; which, as there is already an Appendix of two leaves, may very easily be done.

One of the poems, entitled "Ad Tempus," (p. 196.) is the property of Dr. Jortin, and appears in his "Tracts," Vol. I. p. 14. The first stanza is different, and there are some omissions, but the composition in general is Jortin's. This was not in the original editions of Bourne, but introduced by the editor of the quarto (whoever he was,) as well as the other erroneous insertions. Another poem entitled "Votum," (p. 275,) is also the property of Jortin, and is printed in his "Tracts," vol. i. p. 9. This and the former were both published by Jortin, in his "Lusus Poetici." These things, therefore, should be set right: Bourne is rich enough in his own compositions to have no need of borrowing. The few others falsely attributed to him were written, I think, by contemporary Westminsters, whose names are noted in my copy, from Dr. Lloyd's information.

The new edition seems to be copied exactly from the quarto, except that two very admirable letters, which there stand at the end, are here very properly prefixed, preceded only by such a sketch of the author's life, as the very scanty materials now to be obtained, enabled the editor to supply. Yours, &c. R. N[ARES].

Gent. Mag. Sept. 1826.

MR. URBAN, Aug. 20th.

To conclude my communications on Vincent Bourne, I send you this epilogue. (Vide p. 278 of this Edition.)

I am, however, inclined to think that a great part of this Epilogue is wanting; and that we have here only the beginning, and the final couplet. It was never the custom to have epilogues so very short: and there is little in this as it stands here worthy the pen of Bourne.

Of the poems falsely ascribed to Bourne, in the 4to.

of 1772, that In Miltonum, p. 46, was written by Peter Keith, who acted Dorothea in Ignoramus, at Westminster in 1730.

Rationes Boni et Mali, &c. p. 209, were by Hill, probably Joshua Hill, elected to Oxford in 1738, with Abp. Markham.

Ad Tempus, p. 224, by Jortin.

Camera obscura, p. 246, by — George, of whom I know nothing more.

Laterna Megalographica, p. 270, by Walter Titley, who afterwards left exhibitions to the school.

Sonus propagatur per Aera, p. 274, by Dr. Caleb Hardinge, younger brother of Nicholas Hardinge, of whom see Nichols, Lit. Anec. V. p. 338.

In obitum Decani Aldrich, p. 286, by John Wigan, elected to Oxford in 1714; the same year that V. Bourne went to Cambridge.

Votum, p. 314, by Jortin. Yours, &c.

R. N[ARES].

The two poems mentioned above are added to this edition on Mr. Nares's authority. What various readings occur in the different editions are given for the first time; and the translations by Cowper will be considered as an acceptable addition to the work.

It would appear by the signature that Vincent Bourne was the Editor of the fifth edition of the Musæ Anglicanæ.

"Præmonendus es, Lector Quintæ hujusce Editionis, priorum Quatuor retineri omnia, locis transponi quædam, mutari verò perpauca. Adjici Cantabrigiensium invenies multa: novi pleraque, nec ingrati fortasse, Argumenti; exercitationes scilicet Academicas, de Quæstionibus præcipue Philosophicis; Juvenilium Studiorum Testimonia simul et Ornamenta. V. B."

CORYDON QUERENS,

CARMEN PASTORALE.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
  A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
  A willow supported his head.
The winds that blew over the plain,
  To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
  Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
  Thus sadly complaining, he cried;
When first I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had died:
She talk'd, and I blest the dear tongue;
  When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
  Was nightingale ever so sweet!

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* See another Latin version of this poem, by C. Brockwell, in Musæ Anglicanæ, Vol. 2, p. 272. Ed.

CORYDON QUERENS.*

DECEPTOS pastor secum meditatus amores
Ad ripam jacuit prætereuntis aquæ;
Dumque recensebat falsæ perjuria nymphæ,
Lassatum salices sustinuere caput.
Audierant zephyri vocem gemitusque dolentis,
Et mœstis venti congemuere sonis:
Audierat rivus; resonumque ad murmura murmur,
Et questum ad questus ingeminavit aqua.

Ah miserum Corydonem! et durum ante omnia fatum!
Tristibus his lachrymans ingemit ille modis;
Adspexi vultum, lethoque (heu sidera iniqua!)
Ex illo intuitu quot graviora tuli!
Nusquam tutus eram; Daphnæ mihi dulcis imago
Ridentis, dulcis sermo loquentis erat:
Seu caneret, blando captus modulamine, quando
Tam suave, exclamo, tu, philomela, canes!

How foolish was I to believe
  She could dote on so lowly a clown ;
Or, that her fond heart would not grieve,
  To forsake the fine folk of the town :
To think that a beauty so gay
  So kind and so constant would prove ;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
  Or live in a cottage on love.

What though I have skill to complain!
  Though the muses my temples have crown'd!
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
  The virgins sit weeping around!
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
  Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
  Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
  Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' through the wide world I should range,
  'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly :

---

[1] mihi, Ed. 1721, 1728. [2] insanus, Ed. 1721.
[3] habitusque, Ed. 1721. [4] laura, Ed. 1721, 1728.
[5] Dulcior heu! longe quam tibi musa sonat, Ed. 1721.

Sæpe quidem[1] dixi, miserebitur illa; sed unde
Tam nostræ fieret rusticitatis amans? [bas
Unde urbis splendorem ea sciret, opesque super-
Sordibus exiguæ posthabuisse casæ?
Credebam tamen ignarus;[2] rebarque quòd esset
Inter divitias invenienda fides:
Quòd crassæ possent vestes, victusque[3] placere
Rusticus, atque humili sub lare castus amor.

Quid mihi, Apollineâ cingar quòd tempora lauro,[4]
Et querulæ norîm tangere fila lyræ?
Quid prodest, molles numeros siquando movebam,
Virgineæ circùm quòd maduêre genæ?
Ah, nihil est, Corydon, Phœbi cur munera jactes!
Nec lyra jam decori, nec tibi laurus erit.
Est novus, est Daphnæ felicior ignis; et illi
[5] Dulcior est calamus, callidiorque manus.

Vos tamen hinc, comitum pars ô charissima, amici[6]
Queis mecum[7] luctus sunt, sociusque dolor,
Parcite vos, quicquid dederint mihi fata feren-
[8] Parcite vos Daphnen insimulare doli. [dum,
Si toto vagus orbe feror, comitatur euntem
[9] Me mea sors, nullâ dissocianda fugâ:

---

[6] mecum, Ed. 1721. [7] socii, Ed. 1721.
[8] Parcite mî quicquid dederit fortuna ferendum, Ed. 1721.
[9] Me fata, et nulla sunt redimenda fugâ, Ed. 1721.

'Twas hers to be false and to change;
  'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
  In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
  And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
  Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down in my grave,
  Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
  And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
  And frolick it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
  No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless, when beneath the pale moon
  His ghost shall glide over the green.

---

[10] Corporaque extremo, Ed. 1721-45.
[11] Relliquiasque, Ed. 1721, 1728.

Quamvìs intercam, Daphne mutabitur usque ;
  Intereàm quamvìs, usque fidelis ero.

Siquid adhuc poterunt mollescere corda, nec om-
  Ex inclementi pectore fugit amor ; [nis
Agrestes inter decoret mea funera nymphas,
  Membraque supremo[10] det tumulanda rogo.
Hoc mihi concedat saltem, non multa roganti,
  Nudaque cupressi frondibus ossa tegat ;
Relliquias[11] urnâ positas ubi viderit, urna,
  Relliquias fidi, dicat, amantis habes.

Tum gemmis multoque nitens lasciviat auro,
  Igne novo felix, deliciisque novis ;
[12]Perpetuum, nitidas inter nitidissima nymphas,
  [13]Saltibus absumat lætitiâque diem. [bit
Longùm abes interea, Corydon, longúmque lice-
  Absis ; te tacitum nox tenebræque premunt :
Ni tua fors, terræ immineat cùm pallida luna,
  Lurida vicinum transvolet umbra nemus.

---

[12] Tum nitidas inter ludat, Ed. 1721.
[13] Et totum absumat saltibus illa diem, Ed. 1721.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

THYRSIS ET CHLOE.

OMNIA nox tenebris, tacitâque involverat umbrâ,
Et fessos homines vinxerat alta quies;
Cùm valvæ patuere, et gressu[1] illapsa silenti,
Thyrsidis ad lectum stabat imago Chloes.

Vultus erat, qualis lachrymosi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;
Quâque sepulchralem à pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque manus.

Cúmque dies aberunt molles, et læta juventus,
Gloria pallebit sic, cyparissi, tua:
Cùm mors decutiet capiti diademata, regum
Hâc erit in trabeâ conspiciendus honos.

Forma fuit (dum forma fuit) nascentis ad instar
Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet;
Et veneres risere, et subrubuere labella,
Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima rosis.

---

[1] passu. Ed. 1728, 1734.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

Awake, she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and fearful hour
When injured ghosts complain;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
  Et faciles risus, et juvenile decus:
Et rosa paulatim languens, nudata reliquit
  Oscula; præripuit mors properata Chloen.

Excute te somnis; nocturno egressa sepulchro,
  Evocat infidum Thyrsida fida Chloe:
Tandem o! nunc tandem miserere, audique pu-
  Cui tuus invidit vivere durus amor. [ellam

Hæ tenebræ querulos manes, hæc elicit hora,
  Ut tumulis referent humida claustra suis;
Spectraque discurrunt, perjuri terror amantis;
  Ut trepidum infestent exagitentque reum.

Thyrsi, tuum crimen, solenne recollige fœdus,
  Et revoca læsos in tua vota deos:
Virgineamque fidem, jurataque verba remitte;
  Et mea redde mihi vota, resume tua.

In quâ defixus toties hærere solebas,
  Quî faciem poteras destituisse meam? [tus,
Quî tenerum, et rerum ignarum mihi vincere pec-
  Victumque indignis discruciare modis;

Promisso quianam, nimis ah! promissor, amore,
  Polliciti poteras immemor esse tui?
Laudatis quianam, nimis ah! laudator, ocellis
  Extingui multo passus es imbre faces?

How could you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
That lip no longer red;
Dark are mine eyes now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies
That died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
And shew her glittering head;
Pale William shook in every limb,
Then raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

Dicere cur poteras, labium tibi suave rubescit;
Et facit, ut cedat purpura pallidior?
Dicere cur poteras? et ego, rudis, inscia virgo,
Cur blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum?

Nulla mihi, heu? floret facies, quæ floruit: ecce!
Quæ rubuere, mihi nulla labella rubent.
Mors, obsignatos tenebris, mihi clausit ocellos;
Gratia desertæ nec super una genæ est.

Germanus mihi vermis edax, depascitur artus
Cognatos; nec adhuc est satiata fames:
Et gelidæ et longæ restant mihi tædia noctis,
Dum noctem excipiat longa, suprema, dies.

Sed cantu, audistin'? monuit me gallus abire;
Thyrsi, vale; longùm, perfide Thyrsi, vale,
Vise tamen, tumulo quàm sit defossa profundo,
Quæ miserum urgebat funus amore tuî.

Jam volucres cecinere, et festinavit ab ortu,
Purpureo risu, sol aperire diem;
Pallidus obstupuit Thyrsis, tremulusque cubili
(Ah tremor! ah pallor conscius!) exiliit.

Fatalem ad tumulum cursu contendit anhelus,
Quà jacuit gelidâ morte soluta Chloe;
Cespiteque in viridi, qui subtùs flebile texit
Corpus, se mœstum projiciebat onus.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
  And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
  And word spake never more.

Terque Chloen gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,
  Et bibulam lachrymis ter madefecit humum:
Nudaque telluri nudæ dans oscula, nunquam
  Aut vocem lachrymis addidit, aut gemitum.

LECTORIS.

HABES in manu, erudite Lector, cantiunculam, nec amatorum suspiriis, nec compotorum refertam vociferationibus; sed gravitate et leporibus tam ex æquo temperatam, tam procul à senili remotam morositate, et ab ineptiis puerilibus tam abhorrentem et alienam, ut juvenes exinde quod præcipiat; et, quod delectet, excerpant seniores.

Materies hujusce poematis ea humanæ felicitatis complectitur argumenta, ad quæ nostra omnium, ætate saltem provectiorum, contendunt vota. Nihil magnificum, nihil sumptuosum, nihil homine prudente et bono indignum, præoptatur. Supervacua, et ad veræ jucunditatem vitæ non facientia, repudiantur multa. Ea scilicet declinat noster et aversatur author, quæ vel luxuries vitiosè, vel lascivè ignavia solet excogitare; satis beatus, si gaudiis, quæ sperando conceperit, nihil intervenerit curarum aut ægritudinis.

Sperantibus, quoad licita et innocua, omnia sunt libera. Et quoniam pleræque in futuro sunt voluptates, optando facimus præsentiores, et conspectui propiùs admovemus. Contemplatio est quoddam fruendi genus; et expectatio deliciarum, absentiæ quodammodo est solatium. Itaque æquissimo jure licebit voto indulgere nec infaceto nec illiberali, quod venientia senectutis incommoda, si non tota repellere et remorari, diminuere certè potest et delinire.

Diu Anglicis lectoribus placuit, diuque, ut auguramur, placebit celebratum hoc opusculum: et speravimus authori nostro non injurium fore, si Latinè etiam legendum exhiberemus. Id certè optavimus, ut iterum exteris, apud quos peregrinatus est, quantum per nos posset, vetus innotesceret hospes; et famâ, quâ semel floruit, de novo aliquantulum revivisceret. De nobis nihil ausi polliceri, tuæ, lector, benevolentiæ acceptum referemus, si Romanis auribus non prodeat omnino indignus; si Italis, quibuscum ei docta intercessit consuetudo, non multo ingratior, in hac etiam versione, quàm suis est in linguâ vernaculâ popularibus.

Ex promisso* annotationes ipsius authoris

* 'In hac Editione.' Ed. 1734.

In Ed. 1728, in the place of this sentence, beginning "Ex promisso,' and ending 'necessariâ,' is the following:

subjecimus pauculas; cæteris eo consilio omissis, ne nimii videremur, in re non prorsus necessariâ. Hoc unicum exorandus restas, amice lector, ut si quid in transferendo hoc carmine interpres vel lubens (quod rariùs fit) addiderit aut variaverit, vel genio linguarum aut idiomatum coactus diversitate prætermiserit, et excusandi et condonandi detur locus; qui citiùs forsan dabitur, si te præfando non ultra detineamus. Vive et bene vale.

" Desideratur, in hac Editione textus Anglicus in oppositis alternatim paginis, cum annotationibus quas author ipse adjecit, suus sibi commentator; in alterâ (siquidem alteram legentium permiserit favor) non desiderandus."

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE TO THE WISH.†

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de paterâ novum
Fundens liquorem? HOR. ODE 31. LIB. 1.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus,
Quid sentire putas? Quid credis, amice, precari?
ID. EP. 18. LIB. 1.

That is,

When poets, off'ring at Apollo's shrine,
Out of the sacred goblets pour new wine;
What do they wish? what do they then desire?

When I'm at Epsom, or on Banstead-Down,
Free from the wine, and smoke, and noise o' th' town,
When I those waters drink, and breathe that air;
What are my thoughts? what's my continual prayer?

---

† This Poem first appeared in 1728, with the following Dedication: "Nobilissimo Principi Thomæ Duci Novocastrensi, votum hoc D^tis Gualteri Pope, Latino versu donatum, condiscipuli quo gloriatur nomine, omnique observantia et cultu, D. D. D. que, VINCENTIUS BOURNE."

THE WISH.

IF I live to be old, for I find I go[1] down,
Let this be my fate, in a country[2] town,
May I have a warm house, with a[3] stone at the gate,
And a[4] cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

CHORUS.

May I govern my[5] passion with an absolute sway,
And grow[6] wiser and better as my strength wears away;
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

May my[7] little house stand on the[8] side of a hill,
With an easy descent to a mead and a mill,

---

[1] Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis, et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti. Hor.

Ocyor Cervis, et agente Ventos
Ocyor Euro. Id.

Ocyor et Cœli flammis, et Tigride fœtâ. Lucan.

[2] O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc Veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ? Hor.

VOTUM.

SI senii descendam, et cœpi vergere, ad annos,
Rure mihi exigui sint, tepidique lares;
Præ foribus sit scamnum, et sit non sordida virgo,
Quæ molli foveat tempora calva manu.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio subigam, prudentior usu,
Ut carptim attenuor, rex dominusque meî.
Nec podagræ, nec lithiasis cruciatibus urar;
Sed sensim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

Ad declive jugum, placidoque quod imminet amni,
Quà mola, quà pratum est, stet mea parva domus:

---

[3] By the help whereof I may mount my easy pad nag, mentioned in the third stanza; in the west of England, they call it an upping-stock.

[4] Quæ non offendat sordibus. Hor.

[5] ————Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
Imperat; hunc frænis, hunc tu compesce catenis. Id.

[6] Lenior et melior fiam, accedente senectâ. Id.

[7] Parva, sed apta, Domus.

[8] Neither on the top nor the bottom; the best situation for a house or a city, affording both conveniency of cellars, and a descent to take off the waters.

That when I've a mind I may hear my boy read,
In the mill,[9] if it rains; if it's dry, in the mead.
May I govern, &c.

Near a shady [10]grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at[11] distance, whereon I may look,
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and [12]Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits, that reign'd in the ages before;

---

[9] It will be thought the old man has made a very ill choice of a mill to hear his boy read in; but they who make this objection, either know not, or at least do not consider, that noise helps deafness, which is incident to old age. That this is a truth, both experience and reason evidence.

I have known several who could hear little or nothing in their chambers; but when they were in a coach rattling upon the stones, heard very well. I also knew a lady in Essex, whose name was Tyrrel, who, while she had occasion to discourse, used to beat a great drum, without which she could not hear at all; the reason whereof is this, the most frequent cause of deafness is the relaxation of the tympanum or drum of the ear, which, by this violent and continual agitation of the air, is extended, and made more tight and springy, and better reflects sounds, like a drum new braced.

[10] Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Hor.
Et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons. Id.
Fons etiam Rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracum, neque purior ambiat Hebrus. Id.

Ut sit, ubi assideam lectori auditor alumno,
Si sudus, vel si Jupiter udus erit.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Quà nemus umbrosum, et salientis murmura rivi,
Esto in conspectu, sed procul esto, mare.
Planities juxtà, sine fossâ aut sepe, mihique
Porrectam et manno det spatiosa viam.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Flaccus, Petrarcha, et veterum liber unus et alter
Adsint, ingenii quos celebravit honor.

Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ ;——
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves. HOR.
—Per pronum trepidans cum murmure rivum. ID.
Levis crepante lymphâ desilit pede, ID.
Unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt. ID.

[11] Neptunum procul à terris spectare furentem. ID.
——Jactantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ, magnum alterius spectare laborem,
———Tuâ sine parte pericli :
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere dulce est.
LUCR.

[12] A famous Italian poet, who flourished in the thirteenth century; he was one of the first restorers of learning. The author of this Wish has begun to write his life, and designs (God willing) in a short time to publish it.

With roast [13]mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And [14]clean, tho' coarse, linen at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a[15] pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar,
With [16]Monte-Fiascone, or [17] Burgundy wine,
To drink the [18]king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

---

[13] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
Afferat; imprimis valeas bene, nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ
Quæ simplex olim tibi sederit. At simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis:
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita: vides ut pallidus omnis
Cœnâ desurgat dubiâ; quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humi Divinæ particulam Auræ. HOR.

[14] ——Ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares, ne non et Cantharus et Lanx
Ostendat tibi te. ID.
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ. ID.
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ. ID.
Pauperies immunda domûs procul absit: ego, utrùm
Nave ferar magnâ, an parvâ, ferar unus et idem. ID.

[15] Though the Poet never eats any, he provides this dish for his guests; but principally in observance of the old English custom, to let no Sunday pass without a pudding. From this, and many passages before, it is evident that he is a very superstitious fellow.

[16] A town in Tuscany celebrated for good wine, and the epitaph of a Dutchman buried there; all the books which

Commendet dapibus melior, potiorque ferinâ,
Fercula simplicitas munditiæque mea.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Sabbata distinguat fartum, conviva sacerdos,
Docti sermones, interiorque cadus.
Nec vini, Burgunde, tui mihi Anecdota desint,
Quæ regi, quoties prandeo, sacra bibam.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

---

treat of travelling through Italy relate the story at large. But since it may be new to some who shall read this, I will set it down in few words; " A Dutch traveller with his servant lighted at the inn which lies out of the town, and thence sent his servant into it to find out the best wine, ordering him to write Est upon the door of the house wherein he found good wine; where he found better, Est, Est; where the best, Est, Est, Est. The servant obeyed his commands punctually. The master follows, and finds the tavern bearing this last inscription; and drank so much, that it cast him into a fever, whereof he died. His servant buried him in the church, engraving upon his tombstone this epitaph, which is still to be seen there:—

Est, Est, Est,
Propter nimium Est.
Jo. de Fuc. D. meus mortuus est.

[17] Beauln, a town in the Dukedom of Burgundy, famous for a magnificent hospital, and the excellency of its wines, which are incomparably the best in France, if not in the world.

Experto crede Roberto.
I do not speak this by hear-say.

[18] Hinc ad vina redit lætus, et alteris
Te mensis adhibet Deum.

May my wine be vermilion, may my malt-drink
be pale,
In neither extreme, or too mild or too stale:
In lieu of deserts, unwholesome and dear,
Let [19] Lodi or Parmesan bring up the rear.
May I govern, &c.

Nor [20] tory, or whig, observator or trimmer
May I be, nor against the law's torrent a swimmer.
May I mind what I speak, what I write, and
hear read,
And with matters of state ne'er trouble my head.
May I govern, &c.

Let the gods, who dispose of every king's crown,
Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down;
I'll pay the whole shilling impos'd on my head,
Though I go without [21] claret that night to my bed.
May I govern, &c.

I'll bleed without grumbling, though [22] that tax
should appear
As oft as new moons, or weeks in a year.

Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero
Diffuso pateris, et Laribus tuum
Miscet nomen, utì Græcia Castoris,
Et magni memor Herculis.
Longas, ô utinam, Rex bone, ferias
Præstes Hesperiæ, dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus Uvidi,
Cùm Sol oceano subest. Hor.

Purpura sit Baccho, Cereri sit pallor; et ævo
  Maturus justo detur utrique sapor.
Divite pro victu, luxuque salubrior omni,
  Caseus esto tuus, Parma, corona dapum.
      Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Liber et immunis, nullis à partibus adstem,
  Nec legum adversùs vim fluviumque natem;
Quid loquar, aut scribam, cautusque et providus
  Ire sinam regni res, velut ire volunt. [author,
      Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Dî, quos imperium penes est, rerumque potestas,
  Regna, quibus visum est, dent, adimantque
    data.
Impositum capiti solvam non invidus assem,
  Una licèt tubulo nox cyathoque caret.
      Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Solvam ego, nec querulus contrà mussabo, tributa
  Si poscant menses hebdomadesque nova;

---

[19] Laus Pompeii, a wonderful fertile town in the Duchy of Milan, whose cheese is of greater fame than Parmesan.

[20] Those odious names of distinction kindled great animosity and strangeness, and even hatred betwixt relations and friends.

[21] If that should happen, it would be a shrewd affliction to the poet.

[22] A Poll-bill.

For why should I let a seditious word fall,
[23]Since my lands in [24]Utopia pay nothing at all?
May I govern, &c.

Though I care not for riches, may I not be so poor,
That the rich without shame cannot enter my door;
[25]May they court my converse, may they take much delight
My old stories to hear in a winter's long night.
May I govern, &c.

My small stock of wit may I not misapply,
To flatter ill men, be they never so high;
Nor mispend the few moments I steal from the grave,
In fawning and cringing like a dog or a slave.
May I govern, &c.

May none whom I love to so great [26]riches rise
As to slight their acquaintance, and their old friends despise;
So low or so high may none of them be
As to move either pity or envy in me.
May I govern, &c.

A friendship I wish for, but alas! 'tis in vain,
Jove's store-house is empty, and can't it supply,

---

[23] A good encouragement to pay for his head.

[24] A place in Jupiter, or the Moon, or some other of the planets; for it is not to be found in the map of the world.

Cur etenim obmussans duram vocitavero legem,
Cùm fundi solvant nil mei in Utopiâ?
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Non peto divitias; nec sim tam sordidè egenus,
Nauseet ut dives tecta subire mea:
Quin mecum historiis ad largum circulus ignem
Decipere hybernæ tædia noctis amet.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Regum ut laudator fiam, vitiisque minister,
Ingenium nolim prostituisse meum; [star,
Nec, canis ut caudam submittam et blandiar in-
Perbreve, quod morti subtraho, tempus agam.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Ad tantas nec surgat opes, quem diligo, quisquam,
Nesciat ut notos, prætereatque videns;
Tam supra sit nemo situs, tam nemo sit infra,
Ut mihi vel livor, vel siet inde dolor.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Detur et oh! (si posco quod æquum est poscere)
Nec tamen ingentis, cultus amicitiæ; [fidæ,

---

[25] ——Pauperemque dives
Me petit. Hor.
————Aniles
Ex re fabellas. Id.

[26] The Spanish Proverb says, "Let not God make our friends so rich, as to forget us."

So firm, that no change of times, envy, or gain,
Or flattery, or woman, should have power to untye.
May I govern, &c.

But if friends prove unfaithful, and fortune a [27] whore,
Still may I be virtuous, though I am poor;
My life then as useless may I freely resign,
When no longer I relish true wit and good wine.
May I govern, &c.

To outlive my [28] senses may it not be my fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all;
But rather let death come before 'tis so late,
And while there's some [29] sap in it, may my [30] tree fall.
May I govern, &c.

I hope I shall have no occasion to send
For priests or physicians till I'm so near mine end,

---

27 Fortuna, sævo læta negotio,
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii, benigna.
Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
Virtute me involvo——
——Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustinet, hic posuisse gaudet. HOR.

Cultus amicitiæ, quam tempora nulla valebunt,
Quam nullæ rerum dissoluïsse vices.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Sin comites infidi, et sit fortuna proterva,
Salva mihi virtus esto, licebit inops.
Tum demùm videatur iners et inutilis ætas,
Cùm mihi nec vinum, nec sapit ingenium.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Nec miserè morbosum adeò delira senectus
Conterat, ut faciat me superesse mihi;
Morte minùs serâ potiùs mea concidat arbor,
Dum ramis aliquis succus et humor inest.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Nec priùs accersam medicum, nec pharmacopolam;
Quàm propè jam summum clauserit hora diem.

---

[28] May I not lose my sight, my hearing, and my memory, and be a burden to my friends and myself, Telluris inutile pondus, a dead unuseful burden to the ground.

———Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet. Ovid.

[29] If you tell an Italian such a one is a rich or happy man, he will reply, "Dammi lo morto," as much as to say, "Let me see him dead, and then it will be evident whether he is or not; before that, no true judgment is to be made."

[30] Some corporeal and intellectual vigour.

[31] That I have eat all my bread, and drank my
last glass;
[32] Let them come then, and set their seals to my pass.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last
day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when
mellow,
He's gone, and not left behind him his fellow.
May I govern, &c.

Without any [33] noise when I've pass'd o'er the stage,
And decently acted what part [34] Fortune gave,
And put off my [35] vest in a [36] cheerful old age,
May a few honest fellows see me laid in my grave.
May I govern, &c.

I care not whether under a turf or a stone,
With any inscription upon it, or none:

---

[31] The Poet alludes to a tradition among the Turks, who believe, that when any one is born into the world, there is such a quantity of meat and drink set before him, which when he has consumed, he must die. The moral whereof is, He that desires to live long, must be sparing in his meat and drink.

[32] That I may die regularly, observing all the ceremonies, formalities, and punctualities: a la Coûtume, which is, according to our barbarous translation, To a cow's thumb.

Totum ubi desumpsi panem, cyathumque supre-
Tum mihi subsignent, ilicet, ire licet. [mum,
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Forti atque impavido suprema ubi venerit hora,
Hoc mihi qui dicat, sit, repetatque Vale!
Mortuus es, cui nullum aut mane aut vespere, nullum
Aut siccum aut madidum, Pope, videbo parem.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Quam fortuna dedit, fabellâ ubi ritè peractâ
Exierim scenâ clam, strepituque procul,
Et placidam exuerim, carnis cum veste, senectam,
Pulvere me comitum condat amica manus.
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Me nil solicitat, saxone an cespite signer,
Nominet an tumulus me, sileatne, meus.

---

[33] Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ. Hor.
Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit. Id.

[34] —Quem dederat cursum Fortuna, peregi. Virg.

[35] My garments of flesh, wherein I acted my part on the stage of the world; when the farce is done, and the curtain drawn.

[36] ————Precor integrâ
Cum mente nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem. Hor.

If a thousand years hence, [37] Here lies W. P.
Shall be read on my tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern, &c.

Yet one wish I add, for the sake of those [38] few
Who in reading these lines any pleasure shall take;
May I leave a good [39] fame, and a sweet-smelling name.
Amen. Here an end of my wishes I make.

CHORUS.

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away;
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

---

37 The Poet presumes he shall have a very short and modest epitaph, if any; only the two first letters of his name

38 ——Non, ut me miretur turba, laboro,
Contentus paucis Lectoribus.——

Mille ubi transierint anni, quæ tanta sequetur
Gloria, si forsan litera bina legar?
Æquo animum imperio, &c.

Si tamen hos versus, si quem legisse juvabit,
Hoc addo optatis, et superaddo nihil:
Dulcis honor virtutum, et odoræ gratia famæ,
Votique et vitæ terminus esto meæ.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio subigam, prudentior usu,
Ut carptim attenuor, rex dominusque mei.
Nec podagræ, nec lithiasis cruciatibus urar,
Sed sensim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

---

[39] Quæ post fata venit gloria, sera venit. MART.
Though fame will not concern me after I am dead, yet I wish for it, because it will be a pleasure to my surviving friends.

Si quos superesse volunt Dii. HOR.

If I do not (which has happened to many old men) outlive all my friends.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among the crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill note he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

GULIELMUS SUSANNÆ VALEDICENS.

IN statione fuit classis, fusisque per auras
  Ludere vexillis et fluitare dedit;
Cùm navem ascendit Susanna; o dicite, nautæ,
  Nostræ ubi deliciæ sunt? ubi noster amor?
Dicite vos, animi fortes, sed dicite verum,
  Agminibus vestris num Gulielmus inest?

Pendulus in summi Gulielmus vertice mali
  Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad infrà
  Præmisit gemitum, nec piger ipse sequi:
Vixque manu tangens funes, et præpete labens
  Descensu, alati fulguris instar, adest.

Sic alto in cœlo tremulis se librat ut alis,
  Si sociæ accipiat forsan alauda sonos,
Devolat extemplo; clausisque ad pectora pennis,
  In charæ nidum præcipitatur avis.
Basia, quæ Susanna suo permisit amanti,
  Navarcha optârit maximus esse sua.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
  My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
  We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
  Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
  In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
  Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
  Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
  Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
  William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

Suave meum, et vitâ Susanna ô charior ipsâ,
 Sunt mea, quæ vovi, sunt tibi vota rata;
Pendentem ex oculo da gemmam exosculer illam:
 Gratior ut reditu sit, Gulielmus abit.
Quò velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad unam
 Cor meum, ut ad Boream nautica vergit acus.

Terrâ degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
 Tentabunt dubio solicitare metu:
In quovis portu, sed noli ô! credere, dicent,
 Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus, habet.
Quin ô! quin credas; quodcunque invisero littus,
 Tu mihi, tu præsens ignis et ardor eris.

Sive Indus gemmarum, eboris seu fertilis Afer,
 Seu mihi visendus dives odoris Arabs:
Esse domi cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
 Quas ostentet Arabs, Afer, et Indus, opes.
Quodcunque egregium, pulchrum, vel dulce videbo,
 Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, Tui.

Nec, mea lux, doleas; patriæ si causa requirat,
 Ut procul amplexu poscar ad arma tuo;
Qui tibi, bellorum qui fulmine tutus ab omni,
 Post aliquot menses restituendus ero.
Ne dulces istos contristet fletus ocellos,
 Mille avertendo tela, cavebit amor.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
  The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
  They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

---

* An abridgment, rather than a translation of this song by Freind, may be seen in Carmina Quadragesimalia, vol. i. p. 40. "An Cœlum agat in animum?"

Solvere naucleri jussit vox ferrea navem,
  Vela tumescentes explicuere sinus:
Dixit uterque, vale; et lachrymis simul oscula miscens,
  Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
Invita et tardè ad terram Susanna recedit,
  Et niveâ repetit, vive, valeque, manu.*

Dum tibi supremos abiens suspirat amores;
  Amplexu avulsus pulcra Susanna tuo, &c.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?
  How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
  Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
  Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
  Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
  The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
  With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
  Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
  And love, where the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
  Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
  While happily she lies asleep?

TUEDA.

QUAS aperit veneres! quàm Flora arridet amœnum,
Ad placidam Tuedæ lene fluentis aquam!
His tamen, his cunctis, formosior una Maria,
Naturæ pariter vincit et artis opes.
Non rosa, non violæ, non picto margine bellis,
Totaque luxuries, quâ variatur humus;
Non, quæ subrepens blando interlabitur agros
Flumine, tam suavi Tueda decore nitet.

Sylva choris avium resonat vocalis; et omne
Virgultum harmoniâ fervet, et omne nemus.
Miscent et merulæ numeros, gemitusque palum-
Desuper aerios addit alauda modos. [bes;
Vernantem in campum mecum descende, novique
Videris, ut surgat primula, veris honos.
Dum populus circùm cantat pennatus, amori
Quàm mecum ad Tuedam lenta vacare potes!

Quo minuit studio, quo longas decipit horas?
Nonne aliquot teneras lux mea servat oves?
Nullus eas felix, nullus brevis abstrahit error,
Dum furtim somnus lumina claudit heræ?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
  Kind nature indulging my bliss;
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
  I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
  No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell;
  She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
  Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
  Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Murmure jucundo mollem suadere soporem
  Si possit votis Tueda secunda meis;
Ambrosiam labiis, animum quæ mulceat ægrum,
  Lætusque et tacitus, surripuisse velim.

Vulgares inter flammas meus emicat ignis,
  Ut nusquam formâ nympha sit ulla pari:
Pluribus à pulchris, à mille et mille venustis,
  Distinguunt vitam gratia multa meam.
Suaviolum, quin fare, meum; quæ pascua malunt,
  Aut ubi, sub medio sole, vagantur oves?
Ad Tavæ errantes quæram sinuosa fluenta?
  Quæramve ad Tuedæ candidioris aquam?

LUCY AND COLIN.

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
  Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
  Reflect so fair a face.
Till luckless love and pining care
  Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
  And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale
  When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
  Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
  Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
  Ye perjured swains, beware.

---

† This Poem first appeared in the Appendix to the third Edition, 1743, p. 140.

LUCIA ET CORYDON.

QUAS, Venerum fœcunda parens, Lagenia
novit,
Lucia formarum gloria, flosque fuit:
Ora nec aspectu tam læta et pulchra Modoni
Flumine de liquido pura reflexit aqua.
Sed dolor, et curæ, lætabile quicquid edentes,
Egregium sensim diminuêre decus;
Sed deceptus amor carptim privavit ocellos
Gemmis, curaliis labra, rosisque genas.

Vidistin' (quin sæpe vides!) ut languida marcent
Lilia, quæ subitæ prægravat imber aquæ?
Lento sic periit tabo, sic palluit illa,
Ad finem extremo jam properante die.
Hoc monitæ exemplo, blandos fallacis amantis,
Credula vos nymphæ corda, timete dolos:
Discite, vos juvenes, læsam quàm certa deorum
Vindicta insequitur, quàm gravis ira, fidem.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
  A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
  The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the lovelorn maiden knew
  The solemn boding sound,
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
  The virgins weeping round:

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
  Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
  Which beckons me away.
By a false heart and broken vows
  In early youth I die:
Am I to blame because his bride
  Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
  Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
  Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
  Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
  That Lucy will be there.

Tinnitu sonuit terno campanula, cuncta
  Nocte intempestâ cùm siluere loca.
Terque alâ increpitans cornix, rostroque fenes-
  Pulsans, lethales edidit ore sonos. [tram
Accepit, novitque omen, bene conscia virgo
  Fati, feralis quod recinebat avis;
Et moriens nymphis circùm lachrymantibus infit,
  Sic super exequiis illachrymata suis.

"Vocem ego, quam vobis non est audire, jubentem
  Audio, maturem præcipitemque fugam.
Dextram ego, quam vobis non est spectare, ve-
    tantem
  Specto, ne fingam quid mediterve moræ.
In primæ morior succisa heu! flore juventæ,
  Pectoris infidi capta puella dolo.
Idne æquum et fas est vitio mihi vertere, sponsæ
  Quòd minor est longè dos mea dote novæ?

Vota mihi, juvenis, soli mihi credita, nullâ
  Oh! alienari conditione sinas.
At neque tu, virgo, blandè nunc oscula dantem,
  Quòd tuus est hodie, dixeris esse tuum.
Jungere cras dextræ dextram properatis uterque,
  Et tardè interea creditis ire diem.
Credula quin virgo, juvenis quin perfide, uterque
  Scite, quòd et pacti Lucia testis erit.

There bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
  The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
  I in my winding-sheet.
She spoke, she died;—her corse was borne,
  The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
  She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
  How were those nuptials kept?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
  And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
  At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
  He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, (ah, bride no more!)
  The varying crimson fled;
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
  She saw her husband dead.
He to his Lucy's new made grave,
  Convey'd with trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
  For ever now remains.

Exangue oh! illuc, comites, deferte cadaver,
Quà semel oh! iterum congrediamur, ait;
Vestibus ornatus sponsalibus ille, caputque
Ipsa sepulchrali vincta pedesque stolâ."
Dixit, et occubuit—delatum exangue cadaver,
Quà semel in longum congrederentur, erat;
Vestibus ornatus sponsalibus ille, caputque
Illa sepulchrali vincta pedesque stolâ.

Quo thalamos ritu credas celebrarier istos!
Ut Corydon animi discruciatus erat!
Lucia ubi exanimis jacuit, coïere juventus,
Et tota in fletus villa soluta fuit.
Extemplo juvenem pudor, ira, insania, luctus
Distrahit, et furiis exagitatus amor;
Pallidaque humectans gelidis sudoribus ora,
Perfidiæ ingemuit conscius, et cecidit.

Conjugis à vultu, nec jam ultra conjugis, omnis
Purpura continuo fugit, et omnis honos:
Rivalem et sponsum, extensum cum corpore cor-
Funera cùm vidit procubuisse duo. [pus,
Virginis ad tumulum desertæ ille, ossibus ossa
Mixturus, juvenum lugubre fertur onus;
Idem nunc restat sub eodem cespite pulvis,
Unaque cum nymphâ contumulatur humus.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.
But swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Sæpius hunc visunt, qui numina justa verentur;
  Cum fidâ pariter virgine fidus amans.
Textilibus sertis, vittisque in mutua nexis,
  Sæpius hunc signant condecorantque locum.
Sed quicunque fidem dederis, nec fœdere certo
  Servatam, à sacro cespite siste gradum.
Quod subiit Corydon fatum, memor esto; nec illic
  Te tristi occursu terreat umbra, cave.

ADVICE TO CHLOE.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain.
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun-shine of love:
And though the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness possess all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with wonder;

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* See Ritson's English Songs, vol. i. p. 242, Song LXIII. (Anonymous.)

CHLOE MONITA.

DUM fastu me, chara Chloe, fas præter et æquum,
Subruis, et reficis spe, cruciasque metu,
Deperdis, lætæ quod amœnum est omne juventæ;
Inque senectutem triste reponis onus.
Forma brevis, dicis, flos est ætatis, amorque
Rebus, quæ pereunt, ortus, et ipse perit;
Hoc tibi persuades: sed re modo dicta probâris,
Quàm male persuades, experiendo scies.

Ut sit perpetuus, formâ qui nascitur, ut sit
Mutuus, officiis crescere debet amor.
Sunt blandi risus primordia lucis; amore,
Tum modo, cùm fruimur, fulget aperta dies.
Si tibi nox tenebris illos obvelet ocellos,
Qui tam jucundum nunc rutilumque nitent;
Si totum eripiat cœlum caligine, quanta,
Dicemus memores, lux aliquando fuit!

Darbæum en vetulum vetulâ cum conjuge! vitam
Quàm placide infirmum par, et amanter agunt!

---

* This Poem first appeared in the Appendix to ed. 43, p. 148.

He's dropsical, she is sore-eyed,
  Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.
Together they totter about,
  Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
  His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
  Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
  That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
  The endearments which youth did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
  The best of our blessings below.

These traces for ever will last;
  No sickness or time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
  And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows
  By reviews of such raptures as these;
The current of fondness still flows,
  Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

Blæsa illa est oculis, et crura hydropicus ille
Vix trahit; at letho majus abesse malum est.
Gressibus invalidis conjux cum conjuge reptat;
Aut simul apricans considet ante fores;
Cùmque ille extremum cyathi desumpserit haus-
Deponit, certâ lege, Joanna tubum. [tum,

Cùm nulla utrivis, quicquid delinquit utervis,
Corporis excusent ingeniive bona;
Quas esse aut illi veneres aut conjicis illi?
Unde fit, alterius tam sit ut alter amans?
Dulce recordari est actos feliciter annos,
Quàm sensim ad canam consenuêre fidem;
Inde sacrum fœdus, firmoque est copula nexu;
Quâ melius terris dii tribuêre nihil.

Longum illa, in longum, quæ nulla aboleverit ætas,
Nullaque morborum vis, monumenta manent:
Namque decor simul omnis abest et gratia formæ;
Fitque, quod ætatis restat, amoris hyems;
Crescit amicitiæ suavis reputantibus usus,
Quàm vel adhuc grati præteriêre dies.
Quæque retardari possunt per nulla senectæ
Frigora, perpetuo gaudia fonte fluunt.

THE FLY.†

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike, both thine and mine,
Hasten quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore:
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

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† This Poem appeared in the Appendix to the third edition, p. 200.

See Ritson's English Songs, vol. ii. p. 17. "Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale." This Poem is translated in the Carmina Quadragesimalia, vol. ii. p. 17, by Thomas.

Picta auro et nitidis variata Coloribus alis,
Musca, veni nostris hospes, amica Scyphis, &c.

MUSCA.

POTARE, musca, de meo aut quovis scypho
Vocata, non vocata, præsens advena,
Lubens libensque curiosam exple sitim,
Siccare totum si valebis poculum:
[1] Ævi fugacis punctulum carpe, arripe;
Ævi, quod interire pergit indies.

Utriusque vita properat, et tua et mea,
Ad exitum cursu incitato vergere;
Æstas tuæ, nec amplius spatium est meæ,
Ad bis tricenas usque si redit vices:
Cùm præteribit bis tricena, sicuti
Unius æstatis videbitur fuga.

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[1] Fugacis Œvi, quod potes, carpe, arripe
Ævi perire non morantes indies. Ed. 3. 1743.

THE INVITATION TO A ROBIN-RED-BREAST.

DOMESTIC bird, whom wintry blasts
  To seek for human aid compel,
To me for warmth and shelter fly,
  Welcome beneath my roof to dwell:
Supplies, thy hunger to relieve,
  I'll daily at my window lay,
Assured that daily those supplies
  With grateful song thou wilt repay.

Soon as the new-returning spring
  Shall call thee forth to woods and groves,
Freely revisit then the scene,
  Which notes as sweet as thine approves:
But if another winter's blast
  Should bring me back my guest again,
Again with music come prepared
  Thy friendly host to entertain.

AD RUBECULAM, INVITATIO.*

HOSPES avis, conviva domo gratissima cuivis,
Quam bruma humanam quærere cogit opem,
Huc O! hyberni fugias ut frigora cœli,
Confuge, et incolumis sub lare vive meo:
Unde tuam esuriem releves, alimenta fenestræ
Apponam, quoties itque reditque dies;
Usu etenim edidici, quòd grato alimenta rependes
Cantu, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.

Vere novo, tepidæ spirant cum molliter auræ,
Et [1] suus in quavis arbore vernat honos,
Pro libitu ad lucos redeas, sylvasque revisas,
Læta quibus resonat musica parque tuæ:
Sin iterum, sin forte iterùm, inclementia brumæ
Ad mea dilectam tecta reducat avem,
Esto, redux, grato memor esto rependere cantu
Pabula, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.

---

* This Poem first appeared in the Appendix to ed. 3. 1743, p. 241.

[1] Novus. Ed. 3.

The sacred power of harmony
  In this its best effect appears,
That friendship in the strictest bands
  It both engages and endears.
In music's ravishing delights
  You feather'd race with men agree;
Of all the animated world
  The only harmonists are we.

Vis hinc harmoniæ, numerorum hinc sacra potestas
Conspicitur, nusquam conspicienda magis;
Vincula quòd stabilis firmissima nectit amoris,
Vincula vix longâ dissocianda die.
Captat et incantat blando oblectamine musa
Humanum pariter pennigerumque genus;
Nos homines et aves, quotcunque [1]animalia vivunt,
Nos soli, harmoniæ gens studiosa sumus.

---

[1] Animantia. Ed. 3.

THE SNOWDROP.

WITH head reclined, the snowdrop see;
The first of Flora's progeny,
In virgin modesty appear,
To hail and welcome in the year!

Fearless of winter, it defies
The rigour of inclement skies,
And early hastens forth to bring
The tidings of approaching spring.

Though simple in its dress and plain,
It ushers in a beauteous train;
And claims, how gaudy e'er they be,
The merit of precedency.

All that the gay or sweet compose,
The pink, the violet, and the rose,
In fair succession as they blow,
Their glories to the snowdrop owe.

FLORÆ PRIMITIÆ.†

VIRGINEUM casto caput en! recline pudore
  Flosculus ostentat, de nive nomen habens!
Ecce! recens natum primus resalutet ut annum,
  Exerit e gelidâ se properanter humo!

Nec rigidi conterret eum inclementia cœli,
  Frigida nec boreæ vis, hyemisque minæ;
Axe statim verso, quin protinus exit in auras,
  Veris ut instantis nuncia læta ferat.

Nativo quamvìs cultu candoreque simplex,
  Pulchrum illâ inducit simplicitate chorum,
Nec totidem veneres inter, quotcunque sequuntur,
  Se primum dubitat promeruisse locum.

Quicquid enim tenerum spirant, vel amabile mis-
  Lilia, vel violæ, purpureæque rosæ, [cent,
Quique aliis alii succedunt floribus, omne
  Ex uno excipiunt simplice flore decus.

---

† This Poem first appeared in ed. 1750, p. 70.

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade,
As Chloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heaven desired to rest:
Over her paps his wings he spread,
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the god: the nymph surprised,
Yet mistress of herself, devised
How she the vagrant might inthrall,
And captive him who captives all.
Her bodice half way she unlaced:
About his arms she slily cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awaked: and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain:
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.

---

* This Poem first appeared in the Carmina Comitialia, ed. 1721, p. 88.

AMOR INERMIS.*

QUA myrtus ramis viridem contexuit um-
  Diffusis, jacuit semisupina Chloe. [bram
Huc tacito accessit tendens vestigia gressu,
  Et furtim in molli pectore sedit amor.
Expansis[1] mammas alis protexit, et intus
  Intrusum occuluit parvulus erro caput.

Ut nympha excussit somnum, perterrita numen
  In tepido sensit delituisse sinu.
At revocans animos,[2] fraudem sub pectore versat,
  Cætera qui fallit, fallere certa deum.
Tum solvens zonam, pueri per brachia ducit
  Et teneras vincit[3] callida nympha manus.

Sopitum lædunt divum nova vincula; somne,
  [4] Non ita cum vinc'lis excutienda tuis;
Ter filum vano tentat diffringere nisu,
  Ter frustra ad celerem tenditur ala fugam.

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[1] Mammillam. Ed. 1721.
[2] Versat sub pectore fraudem. Ed. 1721.
[3] Sedula. Ed. 1721.
[4] Nec sunt. Ed. 1721.

Fluttering the god and weeping said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid!
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy prisoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart:
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed! secure my virgin heart;
Instant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie,
And freely thou again shalt fly.

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[5] Tum. Ed. 1721.
[6] Nympha. Ed. 1721.

[5] Et trepidam quatiens pennam, cum fletibus in- [quit,
"Fortunæ ignoscas, blanda puella, meæ;
Ignoscas, si cæcum," inquit, "me devius error
Duxerit ad pectus, candida [6] virgo, tuum:
Devius error erat certè; namque heu bene nôram,
Quòd sedes illic non habiturus eram.
Dimittas captivum, oro; qui nil tibi, nympha, [7] est
Molitus, certè nil tibi, nympha, mali."

"Nec scio, nec me scire juvat," [8] cui rettulit illa,
"Unde puer venias, quò fugiasve vagus;
Non mihi, quæ latebræ, quæ sint habitacula, curæ est,
Non mihi, quâ nectas in regione moram;
At non dimittam; neque enim tibi credo; parabas
Nam certè insidias, insidiasque mihi."

"Virgineum quæ curæ urgent tibi pectus inanes!
Ipse lubens arcus, et tibi tela dabo:
Captivo mihi, chara Chloe, si vincula solves,
Et me, quò libeat, rursus abire sines."

[9] "Virgineum defende meum de vulnere pectus,
Et mihi des arcus, et mihi tela lubens:
Captivo tibi, chare puer, tum vincula solvam,
Et te, quò libeat, rursus abire sinam."

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[7] 'Est' is wanting. Ed. 1721. [8] Tum. Ed. 1721.
[9] Virgineum ulterius pectus ne vulnere lædas. Ed. 1721.

Thus she the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disarm'd, e'er since that day
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little flutt'ring idle guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead;
Directs his arrows as she wills;
Gives grief or pleasure, spares or kills.

PRIOR.

Vincula sic puero solvit nympha, et sua nymphæ,
  Vincula solventi, tradidit arma puer.

Se deus hinc lusu puerili exercet inermis,
  Nec juvenes curat virgineosque greges:
Interdum ad pectus volitat, nymphamque revisit;
  Sed sedet innocuum numen, et hospes iners.

Hinc arcus pharetramque gerens funestaque tela,
  Pro libitu passim dirigit arma Chloe;
Pro libitu parcit vel vulnerat; ipsa Cupido
  Et simul in terris regnat, et ipsa Venus.

CHLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Chloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanced to
stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid;
And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said;
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake:
And laughing, cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advised, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's banks, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know;
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow.
Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring
grove

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* This Poem first appeared in the Carmina Comitialia, ed. 1721, p. 87.

CHLOE VENATRIX.*

FORTÈ Chloe, pulchros nodo collecta capillos
Post collum, pharetrâque latus succincta decorâ,
Venatrix ad sylvam ibat; cervumque secuta
Elapsum visu, deserta per avia tendit
Incerta. Errantem nympham conspexit Apollo,
Et converte tuos, dixit, mea Cynthia, cursus;
En ibi (monstravitque manu) tibi cervus anhelat
Occultus dumo, latebrisque moratur in illis.
Improbus hæc audivit amor, lepidumque cachinnum
Attollens, poterantne etiam tua numina falli?
Hinc quæso, bone Phœbe, tuam dignosce sororem,
Et meliùs venerare meam. Tua Cynthia longè
Mæandri ad ripas, aut summi in vertice Latmi,
Versatur; nostra est soror hæc, nostra, inquit, amica est:[1]
Hæc nostros promit calamos, arcumque sonantem

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[1] 'Est' is wanting, ed. 1721.

Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chace the flying deer:
I and my Chloe take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

PRIOR.

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[2] 'Antiquum *Tami*, vates exquirite fontem.'
Lus. Westm. p. 17.

'Incaluit madidæ *Tamus* amore deæ.' Carm. Quad. p. 81. for the *Thames*.

Incurvat, Tamumque[2] colens, placidosque recessus
Lucorum, quos alma quies sacravit amori.
Ite per umbrosos saltus, lustrisque vel aprum
Excutite horrentem setis, cervumve fugacem,
Tuque sororque tua; et directo sternite ferro:
Nobilior labor, et divis dignissima cura,
Meque Chloenque manet; nos corda humana ferimus,
Vibrantes certum vulnus, nec inutile telum.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day;
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their colours lost, their odours past,
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

SERTUM.†

SELEGI nemoris suave est quodcunque vel horti,
Liliaque, et violas, virgineasque rosas;
Quod caryophyllis pulchrè variatur, ut esset,
Ornatum capiti texeret unde Chloe.

Illa statim in sertum textos imponere flores
Dignata est pulchris, munere læta, comis.
At neque sic positis, si virginis ora videres,
Gratia vel formæ par, vel odoris, erat.

Quæ primo induerat florum redimicula mane,
Gessit per totum nympha venusta diem:
Et juvenes pariter, pariter dixêre puellæ,
Non in natali sic nituisse solo.

Exuta ut flores sensit, quòd nulla colorum
Vespere restaret gratia, nullus odor;
Palluit obtutu, gemuitque, oculoque pudicè
Demisso, sertum dejiciebat humi.

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† This Poem first appeared in ed. 1743, p. 180.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
  As any muse's tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
  Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
  My love, my life, said I, explain,
This change of humour pr'ythee tell,
  That falling tear, what does it mean?

She sigh'd; she smiled; and to the flowers
  Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
  See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
  And that of beauty are but one;
At noon both flourish bright and gay,
  Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
  The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung,
  I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is who died to-day,
  Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
  The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

PRIOR.

Ille, silens quamvìs, musâ facundior omni,
Index egregiæ mentis ocellus erat;
Cùm furtim ex illo, gemmæ rutilantis ad instar,
Pulchram humectaret lucida gutta genam.

Quod scivi, nescivi; et cur, charissima vita,
Oh! mea lux, dixi, cur ea gutta cadit?
Unde obiit pallor vultus? fare, obsecro, fare,
Tam subito lapsu gutta quid illa velit?

Ecce! unde! (ingemuitque simul, peramabile ridens)
Ecce! ait interpres pulchra, sit unde dolor!
Dôna tua en quantum, paucis fugientibus horis,
Unica mutârit, tota nec illa, dies!

Hei mihi! quod floret languetque superbia Maii,
Floret idem formæ gloria, languet idem.
Utraque mane vigens placidumque et dulce rubescit,
Utraque marcescit vespere, pallet, abit.

Cùm mane illuxit, multos Stella inter amantes,
Saltibus et cantu, lusus amorque fuit:
Vespere pallentem conspexi in frigore mortis,
Osculaque exangui terque quaterque dedi.

Triste hodie et pallens quod cernitur illa, videbor
Cras istud forsan triste cadaver ego.
I, Damon, Musamque jube describere versu,
Quàm justo doleat vestra dolore Chloe.

THE WREATH.

SWEET, lovely, chaste,
Ye lilies, haste,
That in the valleys breathe:
To Phyllis haste,
Sweet, lovely, chaste,
For Phyllis twine the wreath.

Ye roses, come,
With virgin-bloom,
The pride of gardens own'd;
That from your bed
Diffusive shed
Ambrosial odours round.

Ye violets, too,
In fields that grow,
And drink the vernal dew;
That dash the woods,
The meads, the floods,
With drops of purple hue.

COROLLA.†

LILIA, adeste,
Gloria vallis,
Candida castaque,
Sertaque nectite
Castæ Phyllidi,
Phyllidi candidæ;

Virgineæ rosæ,
Quæ decus horti
Suave rubescitis,
Ambrosiosque
Fusiùs exha-
latis odores;

Vos violæ, quæ,
Luxuriantis
Purpura veris,
Nascimini, sub-
nasciminique,
Pulchræ, humilesque;

† This Poem appeared first in ed. 1734, p. 72.

And all ye flowers,
Whose wilder stores
O'er nature's face are seen;
Whose various dyes
Promiscuous rise,
And paint th' enamell'd green.

Come, herbs, all ye
That tempt the bee
From leaf to leaf to roam;
Whose balmy veins
Reward her pains,
And send her loaded home.

All, all be join'd,
Of every kind,
Flowers, herbs; the sweet, the gay;
Twist arm in arm,
Weave charm with charm,
To Phillis haste away.

Come, and invest
Her snowy breast,
Come, bind her flowing hair;
Like Flora's dress
Be Phyllis's;
Like Flora she is fair.

Vos quoque, flosculi,
Copia ruris,
Quâ variatur
Omnis agellus,
Quâ decoratur
Omne viretum ;

Vos redolentes
Herbulæ, adeste,
Quas operosæ
Delibant apes,
Florea per loca
Huc illuc vagæ :

Herbulæ, adeste,
Vos quoque, flosculi,
Et simul omnes
Intertexite
Mille colores,
Milleque odores.

Sic redimite
Phyllida nostram,
Ut neque Flora
Vestra decentior,
Aut dea sit ju-
cundior aspici.

But little 'dures
Whate'er, ye flowers,
Whate'er, ye herbs, can give;
Nor shall your aid
Long grace the maid,
Nor have you long to live.

A little while
Your glories smile,
A little, little reign;
The sun that warms
Your opening charms,
Oft sees them close again.

Or if they stay
Another day,
And yet another sun;
Then comes a blaze
Of fiercer rays;
They wither and are gone.

A year consumes,
Another comes,
And then a new takes place:
Another new
Shall then ensue,
Another new, to pass.

At neque longam
Sic redimitæ
Phyllidi gratiam
Mille potestis
Addere flores,
Addere flosculi.

Quotquot odores,
Quotquot honores
Ver breve vobis
Impetrat, idem
Sol aperitque,
Claudit et idem :

Quosve recludit
Forsan et alter, et
Alter ab altero,
Proximus, et qui
Nascitur illo,
Urit, adurit.

Interit annus,
Et subit alter,
Quem novus urget,
Et novus alter,
Intereuntem
Interiturus.

But, all the while
Her beauties smile,
And tempt the lover's care:
A year consumes,
Another comes,
And Phyllis still is fair.

To all one date
Assigns not fate,
As plain, too plain, appears;
Your glories live
Days four or five,
But hers as many years.

Yet, gentlest race,
Your fleeting grace
To blooming Phyllis lend:
And, as you fade,
Remind the maid,
That years like days must end.

D. LEWIS.

Sed florescere
Cernit eâdem
Phyllida formâ,
Quique recedit,
Quique supervenit,
Alter et alter.

Non datur ætas
Omnibus una,
Nec decet omnes
Una superbia;
Cedite Phyllidi,
Cedite, flosculi.

Cedite, sed ce-
dendo dierum
Quo fuga ritu
Pergit, eodem
Dicite et annos
Ire, perire.

MELISSA.

IF, friend, a wife you mean to wed
Worthy of your board and bed,
That she be virtuous be your care,
Not too rich, and not too fair;
One who nor labours to display
New complexions every day,
Nor, studying artificial grace,
Out of boxes culls a face.
Nor, livelong hours for dressing spares,
Placing to displace her hairs,
And straight replace; an idle pin
Ten times shifting out and in.
Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
Thrice her silks, and colours thrice:
Fond o'er and o'er her suits to range,
Changing still, and still to change.
Nor gads to pay, with busy air,
Trifling visits here and there;
Long rapping at each door aloud,

MELISSA.*

HANC, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige
  Mensæque consortem et tori;
Benè moribus morata, quæ formâ placet,
  Nec dote dotatur nimis.
Non elaborat illa, de die in diem,
  Se fingere et refingere;
Vultumve curiosa sumit artifex
  Ab hac, ab illâ pyxide.
Nec dislocandis et locandis crinibus,
  Quos iterum et iterum dislocet,
Absumit horas, unam ineptulam aciculam
  Deciesque figens et movens.
Nec exuendis induendis vestibus,
  Diversa ter, ter discolor,
Jubar evehit cùm Phœbus, et cùm devehit,
  Mutatur et mutabitur.
Nec visitando pulsat has et has fores,
  Ut portet importunum Ave,
Meam inquietans et tuam viciniam

---

* This Poem first appeared in ed. 1734, p. 82.

Nuisance to a neighbourhood.
If e'er a play she deign to see,
(Very rarely shall it be),
She likes not wit in lewdness shown,
Jests ill-manner'd for a clown;
But hears, with ignorance or rage,
Double meanings of the stage.
Her spotless mind the lustful tale
Nauseates in the nicest veil.
She ne'er is found in crowds unclean,
Entered mysteries obscene;
Nor seeks in mask and antic dress
Unconfined lasciviousness:
Nor pale and angry, gaming high,
Rattles the unlucky die.
Till sunrise restless vigils keeps,
Light consuming in her sleeps;
Inverting nature, turns with play
Day to night, and night to day.
This round of follies let her choose,
Flitting life who likes to lose,
And lets her quickly-ending days
Pass, and perish, as they pass.
The time that vulgar maids despise,
Careless, thoughtless, how it flies,
Melissa wise, esteems, and knows
Well to use it, ere it goes.
If e'er Melissa wed my friend,

Ineptiis et otio.
Si fortè spectatrix theatris interest,
(Et interest rarissima)
Illiberales nescit infacetias,
Et non verecundos sales
Audire patiens; omnis immodestiæ
Perosa turpitudinem;
Sensûsque dubii et involuti ambagibus
Impura nauseat abdita.
Nec initiatur mysticis congressibus,
Noctisque cæremoniis,
Vel induens larvam, vel obnubens caput,
Lasciviat ut audentior.
Nec, invenustis ut fritillis increpet,
Et aleis impalleat,
Tenebras ad usque solis ortum vigiliis,
Lucemque dat soporibus;
Dulces diei et noctis invertens vices,
Ratasque leges temporum.
Properantis ævi circulum nympha expleat
Has inter elegantias,
Prætermeare quæ fugam vitæ sinit,
Brevemque summam negligit.
Quos ire et interire permittunt dies
Indiligens, incogitans
Vulgus puellarum, Melissa computat
Feliciore calculo.
Tuas in ædes nuptiali cum face,

With her entering shall attend
Virtues and graces by her side,
Bridemaids fit for such a bride:
Neat beauty without art display'd,
Rosy health with native red;
With her bright innocence shall go,
Purer than the falling snow:
Quiet, that far from quarrels flies;
Mirth and pleasure, love and joys:
Firm faith, that plighted promise keeps,
Silence watching o'er her lips:
Prudence, that ponders all events,
Wealth-increasing diligence:
Religion, mindful what is owed
To herself, and to her God.
Patient to bear, to pardon free,
Loveliest grace! humanity,
If erring nature chance to fail,
Feeble, inadvertent, frail:
Who hates low-whisper'd spite conceal'd,
Scandal yet to few reveal'd;
Since envy makes with rumour'd lies
Friends and brethren enemies.
Good-breeding shall her handmaid be,
Join'd with chaste-look'd modesty;
While open heart, and hand, and face,
Hospitality displays.
If e'er Melissa grace your home,

Et cum Melissâ conjuge,
Intrare pronubas videbis gratias,
Sacrumque virtutum chorum.
Sine arte compta, et elegans sine tædio,
Aderit venustas; et salus
Suo rubore rosea; et innocentia
Cadente purior nive;
Aderit amor, risus, voluptas, gaudium,
Et litium fugax quies.
Aderit labella comprimens taciturnitas,
Et fœderis servans fides;
Et omnis eventûs memor prudentia,
Divesque rerum industria:
Accedet his virtutibus pia humilitas,
Nunquam immemor Dei aut sui.
Regina gratiarum aderit humanitas,
Perferre facilis et pati,
Humana si natura quid deliquerit,
Aut caverit siquid parum:
Calumniantium susurros improbans,
Paucisque notam infamiam;
Memor, invidi rumoris ut malignitas,
Inimicat urbes et domos.
Famulabitur castùm intuens modestia,
Et docta cultu urbanitas;
Et advenis præsens domi hospitalitas,
Aperta vultus et manum.
His cum sodalibus Melissa gratiis

These attendants with her come.
Whate'er can good or ill befall,
Faithful partner she of all.
Whose wisdom teaching well to bear,
Soothes the bitterness of care ;
Whose joy, if prosperous fate you meet,
Adds new sweetness to the sweet.
These ties will nuptial love engage,
Down from youth to hoary age,
If e'er Melissa, lovely spouse !
Life's companion ! crown your vows.
Such, such a consort choose to wed,
Worthy of your board and bed.

S. WESLEY.

Ducetur ad tuam domum ;
Fidelis, ægrum quicquid aut lætabile est,
Et vera tecum particeps ;
Solando quæ curarum amara leniat,
Et consulendo temperet ;
Fruendo quæ felicitates augeat,
Et quæ novis addat novas.
Irrupta copula hisce continebitur,
His vinculis firmabitur,
Validis ab annis ad senectam, si tuæ
Melissa sit vitæ comes ;
Quam, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige,
Mensæque consortem et tori.

HYMN THE FIRST.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd breast!
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

---

* First published in ed. 3. 1743, p. 154. See Spectator, No. 453.

HYMNUS PRIMUS.

CUM misericordias recolligo, tua
Paterna quas, Jehova, cura contulit,
Suspensa cogitando, mens hæret mea,
Amorne major siet an admiratio.

Quæ verba, quæ pietatis eloquentia
Ardore eodem gratias effabitur,
Quo pectus intus concipit! Sed gaudium,
Quod fervet intus, Tu legis, Tu intelligis.

Tua cura, præsens semper et semper vigil,
Me conditum uteri vidit in silentio,
Eademque cura me secuta est provida,
Cùm matris ad mammam pependi infantulus.

Quos edidit questus meæ imbecillitas
Infantiæ, Tua auris accepit statim;
Cùm mens tenella, cogitare nec potis,
Colligere nondum noverat sese in preces.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
  Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
  From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
  With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,
  And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
  It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
  More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
  With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
  Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
  Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
  Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
  My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
  That tastes those gifts with joy.

Quæ nullus æquat computus, solamina
Tua administravit mihi indulgentia;
Infantulum cor antequam resciverat,
A fonte quo profluxerint tot munera.

Cùm per juventæ lubricas decurrerem,
Incogitans, animique præceps, semitas,
Tua alma sospitavit occulte manus,
Ævumque me provexit ad maturius.

Per multa mortis abditæ discrimina
Aperta eunti et tuta porrecta est via,
Vitiique blandimenta per fallacia,
Periculum præ cæteris ferentia.

Cùm morbi acutiore vi tabescerem,
Me sanitate recreâsti sæpius,
Et cùm gravarer crimine et doloribus,
Tua revocavit in salutem gratia.

Tuæ, Jehova, largitati debeo,
Quòd sat superque me beârit copia,
Eamque amicus copiam consortio
Dulci quòd unus et quòd alter auxerit.

Pretiosa mille dona de die in diem,
Et mille millies reposcunt gratias,
Et inter illa dona cor lætabile,
Oblata quod pio accipit cum gaudio.

Through every period of my life
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
  The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
  Divide thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
  Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
  A joyful song I'll raise!
But O! eternity's too short
  To utter all Thy praise.

Vitæ per omne stadium, adultus et senex,
Benignitatem prædicando prosequar;
Amabilemque, hoc corpus exutus, Thesin
Redintegrabo sæculorum in sæcula.

Natura cùm cesset, nec ampliùs dies
Noctesque per vices opera monstrent Tua,
Memor usque cor, quæ gratiosè feceris,
Fideliter revolvet et venerabitur.

Millena millies per æva canticum
Movebo Tibi, Jehova, gratitudinis;
Sed, O! nimis, nimis est brevis, nec laudibus
Vel tota sufficit Tuis æternitas.

HYMN THE SECOND.‡

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

‡ See Spectator, No. 489

HYMNUS SECUNDUS.

QUAM sunt beati, qui, Jehova, Te colunt!
Quàm certa tute es Te verentibus salus!
Æterna mens eos regit, dux et comes,
Et major omnibus Potestas adjuvat.

In exteris regnis, locisque dissitis,
Vigilantiâ securus et salvus Tuâ,
Cœli per ardentis peragrabam plagas,
Et insalubrem sanus hauriebam aëra.

Tuus per omne vultus affulsit solum,
Solumque fecit omne mihi ut arriserit;
Calore temperavit Alpium nives,
Tuscique complanavit undas æquoris.

Recogita mecum, anima mea, recogita,
Horrore quo perculsa, ponti videris
Imo ex sinu profunditates erutas,
Montesque fluctuum imminentes montibus!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at Thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preservest my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

In ore quovis pallidus sedit stupor,
In corde quovis consilî impotens metus,
Cùm devolutus gurges intra gurgitem
Victam gubernatoris artem luserit.

Sed salvum et illæsum inter hæc pericula
Paterna Tua me reddidit clementia,
Dum se recepit anima numen ad Tuum,
Confisa humillimæ precum violentiæ.

Prærupto aquarum in monte cùm pependimus,
Cavasque valles ardui despeximus,
Servare novi Te potentem maximè,
Nec supplices audire præsentem minùs.

Procella siluit, dicto obediens Tuo
Ventus recessit, reddita est tranquillitas;
Et æquor, imperante Te, quod sæviit,
Idem illud, imperante Te, desæviit.

In mille versantem asperis laboribus
Me protinus juvabit et solabitur
Suavis recensio tot ante-munerum,
Humilisque plurium et pia expectatio.

Mea vita, vitam si meam dignaberis
Servare, Tibi, Jehova, consecrabitur;
Et mors, futura siquidem est mors portio,
Animam meam Tibi soli adunatam dabit.

HYMN THE THIRD.‡

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear!

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

---

‡ See Spectator, No. 513.

HYMNUS TERTIUS.

MORTIS resuscitatus à cubilibus,
Noxâ obvolutus totus et metu obrutus,
Coràm ubi Creatori meo obvius dabor,
Quis O! videbor! quo pudore contegar!

Siquis remissioni adhuc restat locus,
Nec sera, nimiùm sera, pœnitentia est;
Labascit horrore anima, et in sese fugit,
Et cogitando prægravata contremit.

Cùm Te, Jehova, vesties terroribus,
Et, pro tribunali sedens, scrutaberis
Omiserit quæ quisque, quæ commiserit,
Quis O! videbor! quo pudore contegar!

Menti sed ægræ, criminum quam pœnitet,
Hujusce Tu promissor es solatii,
Quòd lachrymarum lenius piaculum
Pœnarum acerbiora deprecabitur.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
  Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
  To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
  Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only Son has died
  To make that pardon sure.

Si gratiæ nondum ostium præcluditur,
Perpende, numen, quo dolore distrahor;
Et, quæ dolori pondus addant, respice
Quæ passus est pro me Redemptor vulnera.

Ille, ille spes est solus et fiducia,
Nec ulla desperabitur remissio,
Quam Filius dedit Tuus salutifer,
Et proprio obsignavit emptam sanguine.

AN ODE †

TAKEN FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

---

† This Ode first appeared in ed. 3. 1743, p. 170. See Spectator, No. 465.

ODE

EX INITIO PSALMI XIX DESUMPTA.

EXPANSA cælorum, profunda cærula,
Et arcuati quà patet spatium ætheris,
Convexa stellis plena, splendens fabrica,
Sui decoris indicant originem.
Lætus diurnum Sol iter decurrere,
Quis ille fons declarat et lucis parens,
Et cuique terræ, quam revisit, nunciat
Quàm sancta se potensque formârit manus.

Absente sole, cùm statim vesper suas
Reducit umbras, Luna carmen excipit,
Et singulis, ut eunt, renarrat noctibus,
Sui quis ille magnus author luminis.
Quod et planetæ per vices, quod ignium
Pro se minorum totus affirmat chorus,
Et dum movetur quisque certis legibus,
Utrumque veritate pervadit polum.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

Solenniore quamlibet silentio
Circum hunc opacum orbem feruntur omnia,
Nec ulla clarè vox ab extrà nec sonus
Tot lucidos auditur inter ordines;
Auditur intus, quàm canoris vocibus,
Quibusque cælum ferveat concentibus,
Ut hunc in hymnum concinat frequentia,
" Divinus est, qui nos creavit, artifex."

DEDICATION†

PREFIXED TO TABLES OF ANCIENT COINS, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES, IN THE YEAR 1727, BY MR. CHARLES ARBUTHNOT, STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

TO THE KING.‡

GREAT name, which in our rolls recorded stands,
Leads, honours, and protects the learned bands,
Accept this offering, to thy bounty due,
And Roman wealth in English sterling view.
Read here, how Britain, once despised, can raise
As ample sums as Rome in Cæsar's days;
Pour forth as numerous legions on the plain,
And with more dreadful navies awe the main.
Though shorter lines her fix'd dominions bind,
Her floating empire stretches unconfined.

---

† The King's name stands first in the buttery-book of Christ-Church College.

‡ This Poem first appeared in ed. 3, 1741, p. 174.

DEDICATIO

AD REGEM, IN IPSIUS GRATIAM LATINE REDDITA.

AUGUSTUM nomen, nostro qui primus in albo
Præfulges, doctasque auges, quas protegis, artes;
Externas digneris opes, veterumque monetam,
Et Romæ Angliacâ librare numismata lance.
Hîc lege, quas, olim neglecta, Britannia jactet,
Queis neque, devicti spoliis orientis onusta,
Roma recensebat plures sub Cæsare gazas;
Quot campum agminibus stipet, quo fulmine, quantis
Per mare diffusas classes terroribus armet,
Et tua quàm latè pandat vexilla per orbem.
Clausa licèt terras spatiis brevioribus, udum,
Quà pontus patet usque ambos porrectus ad Indos,
Vendicat imperium: nec passim, ut Roma, rapinis
Omnia divexans, armis sua furta tuetur,
Audax grassatrix; sed cultu divitis arvi
Proventus, peregrino auro, telæque labores
Mutat lanificæ, vestire et pascere gentes
Læta magis, quàm vi nudare, et perdere ferrò.

From Thetis' stores, and not her neighbour's
spoils,
She draws her treasure, fruit of honest toils.
Rome sack'd and plunder'd; Britain clothes
and feeds;
Acquires their riches, but supplies their needs.

Sweet seat of freedom! be thy happier doom
To 'scape the fate, as well as guilt of Rome:
Where riot, offspring of unwieldy store,
Enerved those arms that snatch'd the spoil before;
With costly cates she stain'd her frugal board,
Then with ill-gotten gold she bought a lord.
Corruption, discord, luxury combined,
Down sunk the far-famed mistress of mankind.

Hear, righteous prince! O hear us loud invoke
Thy worth unblemish'd, to avert this stroke:
Yourself so free from every lawless view,
You scarce admit the homage that is due.
Let other monarchs, with invasive bands,
Lessen their people, and extend their lands;
By gasping nations hated and obey'd,
Lords of the deserts that their sword has made;
For thee kind Heaven a nobler task design'd,
To fix thy empire on thy people's mind:
High on thy British throne, to mark from far,
And calm the billows of the rising war;

Esto tibi, O libertatis pulcherrima sedes,
Sors melior, nescire et fata et crimina Romæ,
Cui studiosa dapum inventrix, et prodiga mensæ
Luxuries, et copia iners, visuque libido
Obscœna, in tantum nervos animosque resolvit,
Degener ut prorsus morum, fœcundaque culpæ,
Servitii pretiosa emptrix, plebemque patresque
Corrupta, et discors armis, et perdita luxu,
Corruerit victrix orbis, rerumque potita.

O pater! O princeps! nec frustra assuete vo-
Audi, obtestamur majestatemque fidemque [cari:
Virtutemque tuam, nobisque averte malorum
Hanc faciem; ipse adeò procul ambitionis ab
Ut tibi vix solvi meritos patiaris honores. [œstro,
Injustis alii reges dominentur in armis,
Quos aut cædis amor, famæve insana cupido
Imperii fines latè signare ruinâ
Impulit, et vacui deserta extendere regni:
Hæ tibi sunt artes, cælo O! charissime princeps,
Excelso à solio procul observare procellam
Nascentem, et belli primos compescere fluctus;
Contractam terrore Europæ expandere frontem,
Ducere in amplexum populos, et fœdere gentes
Jungere, et in pacem luctantia cogere regna.
Utque tuam adversi nuper cùm murmure venti
Frangere paulisper conati, egêre Britannum

To smooth the frowns on fair Europa's face,
And force reluctant nations to embrace.
As late the jarring winds, with mingled roar,
Struggled to wreck, yet wafted you to shore:
So shall the storm that threats your peaceful land
Roll harmless o'er, or burst where you command.

Ad portum, et tuto posuêre in littore navem:
Sic quæ jam stragem intentat felicibus Anglis
Tempestas, sævitque minis, martemque lacessit,
Te medium belli pacisque ubi senserit, ultro
Innocuos fluctus Britonum devolvet ab oris,
Et frustra inceptas ponet submissior iras.

ANUS SÆCULARIS:*

QUÆ JUSTAM CENTUM ANNORUM ÆTATEM, IPSO DIE NATALI, EXPLEVIT ET CLAUSIT, ANNO 1728.

SINGULARIS prodigium ô senectæ,
Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis!
Cujus annorum series in amplum
Desinit orbem!

Vulgus infelix hominum, dies, en!
Computo quàm dispare computamus!
Quàm tuâ à summâ procul est remota
Summula nostra!

Pabulum nos luxuriesque lethi,
Nos, simul nati, incipimus perire;
Nos statim à cunis cita destinamur
Præda sepulchro.

Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix
Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris
Vim repentinam, aut malè pertinacis
Semina morbi.

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* This Poem first appeared in ed. 1734, p. 90.

Sin brevem posset superare vita
Terminum, quicquid superest, vacivum
Illud ignavis superest, et imbe-
cillibus annis.

Detrahunt multum minuuntque sorti
Morbidi questus gemitusque anheli;
Ad parem crescunt numerum diesque
Atque dolores.

Siquis hæc vitet (quotus ille quisque est!)
Et gradu pergendo laborioso
Ad tuum, fortasse tuum, moretur
Reptilis ævum:

At videt, mœstum tibi sæpe visum, in-
jurias, vim, furta, dolos, et inso-
lentiam, quo semper eunt, eodem
Ire tenore.

Nil inest rebus novitatis; id quod
Sæculum præsens videt, illud ipsum
Vidit elapsum priùs, et videbit
Omne futurum.

Temporum quicquid variatur, et quod
Uspiam est nugarum et ineptiarum,
Unius volvi videt et revolvi
Circulus ævi.

Integram ætatem tibi gratulamur;
Et dari nobis satis æstimamus,
Si tuam, saltem vacuam querelis,
Dimidiemus.

AD GRILLUM.‡

ANACREONTICUM.

O QUI meæ culinæ
Argutulus Choraules,
Et hospes es canorus,
Quacunque commoreris,
Felicitatis omen;
Jucundiore cantu
Siquando me salutes,
Et ipse te rependam,
Et ipse, quâ valebo,
Remunerabo musâ.

Dicêris innocensque
Et gratus inquilinus;
Nec victitans rapinis,
Ut sorices voraces,
Muresve curiosi,
Furumque delicatum
Vulgus domesticorum,
Sed tutus in camini
Recessibus, quiete
Contentus et calore.

‡ This Poem first appeared in ed. 1734, p. 93.

Beatior cicadâ,
Quæ te referre formâ,
Quæ voce te videtur;
Et saltitans per herbas,
Unius, haud secundæ,
Æstatis est chorista:
Tu carmen integratum
Reponis ad Decembrem,
Lætus per universum
Incontinenter annum.

Te nulla lux relinquit,
Te nulla nox revisit,
Non musicæ vacantem,
Curisve non solutum:
Quin amplies canendo,
Quin amplies fruendo,
Ætatulam, vel omni,
Quam nos homunciones
Absumimus querendo,
Ætate longiorem.

SOLITUDO REGIA

RICHMONDIENSIS.†

SIQUIS uspiam angulus,
Vel in recessu sylvulæ vel horti
Solitudini vacet;
Sit, ô! sit illic, hospitâ sub umbrâ,
Grata regibus quies.
Sub hac parumper agmen aulicorum
Usque et usque supplicum,
Sub hac molestas gratulationes
Confluentium undique
Refugerint: tum veriùs beati,
Quando tædium imperî
Semoverint, onusque dignitatis.
Grande quid vel aureum
Conspexeris? nec illud est, nec illud,
Principes quod augeat:
Prudentiâ sed ritè temperatum

---

† This Poem first appeared in ed. 1734, p. 95.
George the Second built "the White Lodge" in Richmond Park, where he occasionally resided. See Horace Walpole's Reminiscences.

Pectus, et suî potens
Augusta mens, felix, abunde felix,
In silentio casæ.
Nec his, superbi quos juvant tumultus,
Invidete cellulam :
Fruantur, æquum est, hac brevi quiete,
Otioque simplici,
Salute qui pro civium laborant.

MUTUA BENEVOLENTIA PRIMARIA LEX NATURÆ EST.‡

PER Libyæ Androcles siccas errabat arenas,
Qui vagus iratum fugerat exul herum.
Lassato tandem, fractoque labore viarum,
Ad scopuli patuit cæca caverna latus. [quieti,
Hanc subit; et placidæ dederat vix membra
Cùm subitò immanis rugit ad antra leo:
Ille pedem attollens læsum, et miserabile murmur
Edens, quâ poterat voce, precatur opem.
Perculsus novitate rei, incertusque timore,
Vix tandem tremulas admovet erro manus:
Et spinam explorans (nam fixa in vulnere spina
Hærebat) cauto molliter ungue trahit.
Continuò dolor omnis abit, teter fluit humor;
Et coit, absterso sanguine, rupta cutis.
Nunc iterum sylvas dumosque peragrat; et affert
Providus assiduas hospes ad antra dapes.
Juxtà epulis accumbit homo conviva leonis,

‡ First appeared in Carmina Comitialia, 1721, p. 25. This Poem is the only addition to the 4th ed. 1750.

Nec crudos dubitat participare cibos.
Quis tamen ista ferat desertæ tædia vitæ!
Vix furor ultoris tristior esset heri.
Devotum certis caput objectare peric'lis,
Et patrios statuit rursus adire lares.
Traditur hîc, fera facturus spectacula plebi,
Accipit et miserum tristis arena reum.
Irruit è caveis fors idem impastus, et acer,
Et medicum attonito suspicit ore leo; [cum.
Suspicit, et veterem agnoscens vetus hospes ami-
Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.
Quid verò perculsi animis stupuêre Quirites?
Ecquid prodigii, territa Roma, vides?
Unius naturæ opus est; ea sola furorem
Sumere quæ jussit, ponere sola jubet.

Cantabrigiæ, in Comitiis prioribus, 1716-17.

AD DAVIDEM COOK

WESTMONASTERII CUSTODEM NOCTURNUM ET VIGILANTISSIMUM, ANNO 1716.†

INDICIUM qui sæpe mihi das carmen amoris,
Reddo tibi indicium carmen amoris ego.
Qui faustum et felix multum mihi mane precaris;
Dico atque ingemino nunc tibi rursus, ave.
Te neque dinumerat Gallus constantius horas,
Nec magis is certo provocat ore diem.
Cùm variis implent tenebræ terroribus orbem,
Tu comite assuetum cum cane carpis iter.
Nec te, quos seræ emittunt post vina popinæ,
Nec te, quos lemures plurima vidit anus;
Nec te perterrent, nodoso stipite fretum,
Subdola qui tacito pectore furta parant.
Sed si cui occurras, primâ qui portat ad urbem
Sub luce, exiguus quas dedit hortus opes,
Hunc placidis dictis, et voce affaris amicâ;
Utque dies faustâ luce, precaris, eat.
Tinnitu adventum signans, oriantur an astra,
Narras, an purè lucida Luna micet.

---

† First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 99.

K

Dumque quies nos alta manet, nec frigoris ullus
  Securos, pluviæ nec metus ullus habet;
Tu gelidos inter ventos versaris et imbres,
  Cùm mala tempestas, et nigra sævit hiems.
Seu te præsentem vicus, seu viculus, audit;
  Nocturnum multo carmine fallis iter.
Quid si, culta minùs, doctâ vacet arte poesis,
  Si simplex versus sit, numerique rudes;
Invidiam Somnus (tanta indulgentia noctis)
  Opprimit; et livor, te recitante, silet.
Divorum hyberni menses quotcunque celebrant,
  Cuique locum et versum dat tua musa suum:
Crispino ante omnes; neque enim sine carmine [fas est
  Nobile sutorum præteriisse decus.
Nec tua te pietas fieri permiserit unquam
  Cæsaris immemorem Cæsareæque domûs.
Officio Dominos multo Dominasque salutas;
  Gratia nec fidæ sedulitatis abest.
Multa docens juvenes, et pulchras multa puellas,
  Utile tu pueris virginibusque canis:
Conjugium felix monitis utentibus optas,
  Cunctaque quæ castus gaudia lectus habet.
Tu monitor famulis sexûs utriusque benignus,
  Munditias illis præcipis, hisce fidem.
Omnibus at votis hoc oras, atque peroras,
  Ut dominis cedant prospera quæque tuis.
Unum hoc præ cunctis meminisse hortaris, ut imis
  Summa etiam exæquet mortis amica manus.

Quid tibi pro totidem meritis speremus? amori
Quisve tuo æqualis retribuatur amor?
Tuque tuusque canis si nos visetis, uterque
Grati eritis nobis, tuque tuusque canis.
Mille domos adeas, et non ignobile munus
(Nulla minus solido) dent tibi mille domus;
Quemque bonum exoptas nobis, lætumque Decembrem,
Esto tibi pariter lætus, et esto bonus.

IN OBITUM ROUSSÆI,

COLLEGIO TRINITATIS SERVI A CUBICULIS.

ANNO 1721.†

ALME Charon (nam tandem omnes, qui nascimur et qui
Nascemur, tua nos cymba aliquando manet,
Per ripas fer circùm oculos, omnesque recense
Manes, ad Stygias qui glomerantur aquas;
Prospice, si crassam fors exploraveris umbram,
Non est in toto crassior umbra loco.
Luctantem cernes, animasque hinc inde minores[1]
Turbantem,[2] ut cubito pandat utroque viam.
Squalidus et pinguis totus, tibi navita dextram
Tendet, ad Elysii trajiciendus agros.
Dum vixit, Roussæus erat, nostri accola Cami;
Quem puerum novit, novit et unda senem.

---

† This Poem appeared in ed. 1726, with the title, "In Obitum Roussæi, anno 1721. Carmen Elegiacum. Editio altera." See ed. 1734, p. 102. I have not seen the first edition.

1 Luctantem cernes, animis levioribus actis.
Hinc inde, ut cubito pandat utroque viam. Ed. 1723.

2 Versantem. Ed. 1734.

Navita non illo melior fuit; esset agenda
Seu remis, conto seu subigenda, ratis.
Nec quisquam ex humero contorsit rete sinistro,
Certius incautis piscibus exitium. [idem
Quid tamen hæc memoro, Camus cùm perfidus
Roussæum inviso merserit amne suum!
Hunc nostro ut reddas cælo, te carmine multo,
Alme Charon, Grantæ mœsta juventa petit.
Sin parcæ prohibent, et inexorabilis Orci,
Quem petimus, reditum lex inimica vetat:
Hoc saltem concede: admotâ ad littora cymbâ,
Per Stygium nautam transvehe nauta lacum.
Nec poscas naulum; loculos nam vivus inanes
Gessit, et haud obolum, quem tibi solvat, habet.
Quòd si tam crebras transmittere te piget umbras,
Et longum refugis, portitor unus, opus:
Accipe divisi socium comitemque laboris;
Divisus levior fiet utrique labor.
Adde quòd (ut similes estis) dubitabitur, utrum
Roussæus geminus sit, geminusve Charon.

EPITAPH ON A DOG.‡

POOR Irus' faithful wolf-dog, here I lie,
That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
His guide and guard; nor while my service lasted
Had he occasion for that staff, with which
He now goes picking out his path in fear,
Over the highways and crossings; but would
Safe in the conduct of my friendly string, [plant,
A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd
His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
Of passions lay in thickest confluence flood.
To whom with loud and passionate laments,
From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd,
Nor wail'd to all in vain; some, here and there,
The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept:
Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
Prick'd up at his least motion, to receive

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‡ Vide Elia, vol. i. p. 269.

† First appeared in Carmina Comitilia, 1751, p. 95; secondly in 1728, p. 6.

EPITAPHIUM IN CANEM.†

PAUPERIS hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta
Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
In nudo nactus saxo, quà prætereuntium
Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miserisque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit [1] alter et alter,
Queis corda et mentem [2] indiderat natura benignam.
Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa

[1] Unus et alter. Ed. 1728.
[2] Dederat. Ed. 1721, 1728.

At his kind hand some customary crumbs,
And common portion in his feast of scraps.
Or when night warn'd us homewards, tired and
With our long day and tedious beggary. [spent

These were my manners, this my way of life,
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And sever'd from my sightless master's side.
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of earth hath Irus rear'd,
Chief monument of no ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
In long and lasting union to attest,
The virtues of the beggar and the dog.

LAMB.

Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula [amicè
Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
Tædia perpessus, reditum sub nocte [3]parabat.

Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ,
Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
[4]Etsi inopis, non ingratæ, munuscula dextræ;
Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque [benignum.
Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque

---

[3] Paravit. Ed. 1721, 1728.

[4] 'Etsi inopis,' &c. This line not in ed. 1721; inserted in ed. 1728.

HYMNUS PASCHALIS.‡

QUEM præferebas, horror ubi tuus,
O Orce, nondum funeribus satur?
Victoriæ, quas jactitabas,
O ubi sunt, avidum sepulchrum?

Mors et sepulchrum, cedite; cedite,
Vinc'lis solutis; nam moritur modò,
Ut vincat, et victor resurgit
Ad superos Deus, ut triumphet.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 99.

DENNERI ANUS.*

DOCTUM anus artificem, justè celebrata, fatetur,
Denneri pinxit quam studiosa manus.
Nec stupor est oculis, fronti nec ruga severa;
Flaccida nec sulcis pendit utrinque gena.
Nil habet illepidum, morosum, aut triste tabella;
Argentum capitis præter, anile nihil.
Apparent nivei vittæ sub margine cani,
Fila colorati qualia Seres habent.
Lanugo mentum, sed quæ tenuissima, vestit;
Mollisque, et qualis Persica mala tegit.
Nulla vel è minimis fugiunt spiracula visum;
At neque lineolis de cutis ulla latet.
Spectatum veniunt, novitas quos allicit usquam,
Quosque vel ingenii fama, vel artis amor.

---

* This Poem first appeared in ed. 1734, p. 106.
Diu publico fuit spectaculo egregia hæc Tabula, in Areâ† Palatinâ exteriori, juxta Fanum Westmonasteriense.

† Palace-Yard.

Adveniunt juvenes; et, anus si possit amari,
Dennere, agnoscunt hoc meruisse tuam.
Adveniunt hilares nymphæ; similemque senectam,
Tam pulchram et placidam dent sibi fata, rogant.
Matronæ adveniunt, vetulæque fatentur in ore
Quòd nihil horrendum ridiculumve vident.
Quantus honos arti, per quam placet ipsa senectus;
Quæ facit, ut nymphis invideatur anus!
Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cùm nec Apelli
Majorem famam det Cytherea suo!

AD JOHANNEM PERKINS†

ASTROLOGUM CANTABRIGIENSEM.

LUSIT, amabiliter lusit fortuna jocosa,
  Et tunc, siquando, tunc oculata fuit;
Cùm tibi, Johannes,‡ Newtoni sternere lectum,
  Cùm tibi musæum verrere diva dedit.
Nam dum ille intentus studiis cœlestibus hæsit,
  Concipiens ambos mente capace polos;
Quantâ cum stellis stellæ, cumque orbibus orbes,
  Harmoniâ servent, quoque tenore, vices:
Impete quo cursum acceleret per inane cometes,
  Urgeat ut rapidam præcipitetque fugam:
Hæc ille expendens animo, dum schemata docta
  Format, et ad numeros grande reducit opus;
Tu quoque cognatus stellis, Martique Jovique,
  Mercurio et Veneri, non rudis hospes eras:
Tuque genethliacas sollers quadrare tabellas,

---

† First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 108; but without the note on ver. 3.

‡ Isaaci Newton, Esq. Aur. cujus Fama longiori annotatione non eget.

Felix natalis necne sit hora, doces;
Quo junctum affectu fuerit cum sidere sidus,
Quo, legis, aspectu res hominesque regat.
Tuque etiam, interpres fatorum, et nuncius astris,
Callidus æthereas es reserare domos.
Quem meritis fortuna tuis indulsit honorem,
O adeò illustri digne minister hero!
Quis non invideat frater tibi muneris illud?
Quis tua non laudet sidera φιλομαθής?
Cùm musis musæ famulantur, et artibus artes,
Majori (ut fas est) obsequiosa minor;
Nec melior lex est, nec convenientior æquo,
[1] Quàm siet astronomo servus ut astrologus.

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[1] Quam quòd et astronomo serviat astrologus?
Ed. 1734.

EPILOGUS ÆTHIOPISSÆ,†

AD TERENTII EUNUCHUM.

OPPROBRIUM in sexûs, statuâ taciturnior ipsâ;
Et pro personâ dramatis umbra fui.
Sic author voluit, sic Afræ haud candidus Afer;
Quàm non humanum! quàm populare parum!
Quin tandem adventum vobis, festiva corona,
Ipsa meis verbis gratulor, ore meo.
Spectatum venio: venioque, ut specter et ipsa;
Est etiam in nostro multa colore fides.
Est mea (siqua mihi est) sine fuco, fraude, vel arte,
Nescia mutari forma, suîque tenax.
Unguentis utor nullis, medicamine nullo;
Quid juvet, ignoro, regia mellis aqua.
Nec maculis stellata hîc interspergor et illic;
Non equidem nigrâ nigrior esse velim.
Lotio sola mihi est de purâ et simplice lymphâ;
Et vereor, quàm sit vanus et iste labor.
At nivei mihi sunt, pæti sine pulvere, dentes;
Quale nec Indorum purius albet ebur.

---

† First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 110.

Sideribus similes fulgere videtis ocellos,
Angliacam possent qui decorâsse nurum.
Mollitiem talpæ superant mea labra: quis, ecquis
Libabit—quàm sint oscula mollicula?
Hæc ego liberiùs; sed salvo, ut spero, pudore:
Cernitis, ingenuus signat ut ora rubor!
Sin minùs oblectem, tot flammas inter et ignes;
(Usque adeo est nostræ lux inimica cuti)
Si placet, extingui tantùm mandate lucernas;
Protinus in tenebris altera Thais ero.

IDEM AGIT IDEM.†

FELICULA ad speculum saltu lascivit herile,
  Lascivam saltu feliculamque videt.
Nigra videt nigram; bicolor naso, bicolorem;
  Glaucaque torquentem lumina, glauca tuens.
Et sociam ad lusus lentæ incurvamine caudæ
  Provocat, et lepidi mobilitate pedis.
Utraque utramque lacessit, et utraque palpat utramque;
  Et molle oppositos explicat unguiculos.
Jam tumet in tergum, et simulatas expuit iras;
  Et tumet, et similes expuit umbra minas.
Quænam hæc sit, mima unde suî tam mimica, quærit
  Felis, an in speculo, post speculumne, siet.
Te quoque, præsentem præsens, quam quæris, et illa
  Quærit, an in speculo, post speculumne, sies.
Alterutra alterutram quæritque et decipit; idque
  Feliculæ facitis, quod facis una, duæ.

---

† First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 112.

SIMILE AGIT IN SIMILE.†

CRISTATUS, pictisque ad Thaida Psittacus alis,
  Missus ab Eoo munus amante venit.
Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,
  Archididascaliæ dat sibi Thais opus.
Psittace, ait Thais, fingitque sonantia molle
  Basia, quæ docilis molle refingit avis.
Jam captat, jam dimidiat tyrunculus; et jam
  Integrat auditos articulatque sonos.
Psittace mi pulcher pulchelle, hera dicit alumno;
  Psittace mi pulcher, reddit alumnus heræ.
Jamque canit, ridet, deciesque ægrotat in horâ,
  Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque suo.
Multaque scurratur mendax, et multa jocatur,
  Et lepido populum detinet augurio.
Nunc tremulum illudit fratrem, qui suspicit, et pol!
  Carnalis, quisquis te docet, inquit, homo est;

---

† First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 113.

Argutæ nunc stridet anûs argutulus instar;
  Respicit, et nebulo es, quisquis es, inquit anus.
Quando fuit melior tyro, meliorve magistra!
  Quando duo ingeniis tam coiere pares!
Ardua discenti nulla est, res nulla docenti
  Ardua; cùm doceat fœmina, discat avis.

AGENS ET PATIENS SUNT SIMUL.†

DUXIT Acon Leonillam; haud una atque altera luna
Interiit, malè cùm se nova nupta tulit:
Os pallet, languent oculi, stomachoque fit ista
Nausea, quæ gravidas denotat esse nurus.
Esto fides dictis; eadem quoque nausea Aconti est,
Pallidus est pariter vultus, ocellus hebes.
Nutrix, sedula anus, fomenta utrique ministrat,
Cardiacum uxori, cardiacumque viro.
Quis novus hic, nutrix, morbus? socii unde dolores?
Quâve sumus gravidi conditione viri?
Nutrix, callida anus, "fuit," inquit, "utrique voluptas;
Æqua satis lex est, ut sit utrique dolor."

---

† First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 114.

FANATICUS.†

CONSCENDIT primùm tremulus cùm pulpita frater,[1]
Stat tacitus, multumque screans, ut vocis apertum
Pandat iter, geminas,[2] positis prope dactylothecis,
Ad cœlum attollit palmas; tum lumina claudens
Dat gemitum, secumque diu submurmurat intus.
Vox tandem erumpit; deinde altera, et altera [deinde:
At lento passu, gemitu priùs interjecto.
Mox animos sensim revocans, residemque furorem,
Vim dictis paulatim addit; jam subsilit, et jam
Stans pede suspenso, tentat quid possit anheli
Pulmonis, laterumque labor: per tempora rivis
It salsus sudor; tandem fanatica surgit
Tempestas, totasque quatit clamoribus ædes.
Haud aliter leni nutantes flamine ramos
Insurgens agitat Boreas, tremulasque susurrat

---

† First appeared in Carmina Comitialia, 1721, p. 85.

1 Rhetor. Ed. 1721.

2 Exutus dactylothecas. Ed. 1721.

Per frondes; mox buccam utramque animosior
inflat,
Et validos quassat celso cum vertice truncos:
Pòst, ubi collectæ vires, majorque tumultus
Per totam auditur sylvam, ab radicibus imis
Sternit humi antiquas quercus, rapidamque procellam
Agglomerat, latâque implet nemus omne ruinâ.

IN POSTHUMAM EFFIGIEM

JOHANNIS FERMOR, ARM.‡

AD PRÆCEPTA DOM. HENRICI FERMOR, BARONETTI,

SUMMA CUM FIDE DELINEATAM.

DEFUNCTI effigiem fratris mandare tabellæ
  Frater, et in vitam vult revocare novam.
Sed quænam absentes vultus describet arundo?
  Quis referet succis ora sepulta labor?
Hæc ora, hos vultus memori sub pectore frater,
  (Sume, opifex, calamum) quos tibi dictet, habet.
Dictanti attentus pictor, peramabile transfert
  Paulatim, ex animo præcipientis, opus.
Jam propior simili propiorque alludere forma
  Incipit, et jussas exprimit umbra notas;
Jam noti arrident vultus, et frontis apertæ
  Candida simplicitas, et generosa fides:
Jam coràm, et præsens, ipsissima vivit imago;
  Oh! quantum pietas ingeniosa potest!
Noli ultra sævos, mors ô, jactare triumphos;
  Cætera qui vincit, te quoque vincit amor.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 116.

NOVARCA.‡

PACIS amans Carolus regale excudit in auro
  Votum, quàm populi sit sibi chara salus.
Omnia concordi spondet felicia regno,†
  Unitæ ut crescant, et geminentur opes.
Frustra! inimica piis obstat discordia votis,
  Irarum et multæ cladis iniqua parens.
§Informis, pauper, lamellaque ahenea, rerum,
  Indicat, ut facies mœsta sit, ut sit inops.
Pro Caroli titulis, pro vultu et imagine sacrâ,
  Unica stat mœstis nuda Novarca notis.
Fatale exemplum! Caroli quod vota docere,
  Anglia quod nequiit salva, Novarca, doces.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 117.

† Charles the First issued a gold coin (Twenty shilling piece,) with the motto, 'Florent Concordia regna,' which seems to be the piece alluded to in the text.

§ The Commonwealth farthing.

AD HEEMSKIRKUM.‡

FESTIVI ingenii multique, Heemskirke, leporis!
Pictorum Princeps Batavorum! ut teque tuosque
Mirari juvat, et risu laudare labores!
Tu modo, tu veniam conanti indulseris æquam,
Binas è multis, si fors imitamine possit,
Transferre in chartam tentat mea musa tabellas.
  Prima casam agrestem, fixumque in pariete carmen
Describit, solidosque duos et quatuor asses,
Hesterni pretium potûs. Hîc civis obesus
Spectatur Belga, à lepido cui vertice nutat
Pileus in lævam suspensus, et amphora totum
Ostendit nudata sinum ventremque capacem.
Obtutu stupet ille inhians, vultuque fatente
Mœrorem, aut quassat caput, aut quassare videtur:
Frustra inhiat, frustra solitos desiderat haustus!
Horrendum vacuum, atque ingens est intus inane.
Stat bonus à socii tergo compotor, et imum

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 118.

Vas cautè explorat, tetroque inamabilis ore
Et vacuam deflet testam, vacuamque crumenam.
Scamno interposito binos habet altera nautas,
Pictis conantes chartis quid possit uterque.
Cernere depositum est utriusque in pignora nummos,
Vincenti pretium palmæ: duadem alter, et alter
Fatalem ostendit triadem, palmamque requirit.
Ille indignatur vinci, morsuque labella [cem
Compressans, horretque comis, mensæque fero-
Impingit pugnum, damnans chartasque deosque.
Improbus interea victor subridet ineptum,
Et miserum illudit victum, fruiturque triumpho.
Innixus cubito, juxta caput interponit
Naris homo emunctæ, bene qui totam subolet rem,
Fortunæ calletque vices, vultuque loquaci
Sic tristem hortatur socium; quando, inquit, amice,
Sese ita res habeat, frustra emendare querendo
Fortunam speras, inimicaque fata lacessis:
Ira nocet nimiique animi, namque acriùs æquo
Adversam fortunam urges, nimioque furore
Spem luges deceptam: at tu, me judice, rebus
Nec dubiis diffide nimis, nec crede secundis.

HOBSONI LEX.‡

COMPLURES (ita, Granta, refers) Hobsonus alebat
In stabulo longo, quos locitaret, equos.
Hac lege, ut foribus staret qui proximus, ille
Susciperet primas, solus et ille, vices.
Aut hunc, aut nullum—sua pars sit cuique laboris;
Aut hunc, aut nullum—sit sua cuique quies.
Conditio obtinuit, nulli violanda togato;

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 120. See Spectator, No. 509.

" Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression, is a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man so, who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that saw when the good profit might arise, though the duller men overlooked it. This ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney horses. He lived in Cambridge, and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, saddles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college, to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for

Proximus hic foribus, proximus esto viæ.
Optio tam prudens cur non huc usque retenta est?
Tam bona cur unquam lex abolenda fuit?
Hobsoni veterem normam revocare memento;
Tuque iterum Hobsoni, Granta, videbis equos.

---

travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the first horse which stood next to the stable-door, so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice. Somehow it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's Choice." This memorable man stands drawn in fresco, above an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate-street, with a hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:

"The fruitful mother of an hundred more."

Hobson's stable has furnished another epigrammatic copy of verses, in Lusus Westmonast. p. 161.

"Minus sibi tribuit qui se nemini comparat.
Hobsoni in stabulo duo consenuere caballi," &c.

EQUES ACADEMICUS.‡

CALCARI instruitur Juvenis; geminove vel uno,
Haud multùm, aut ocreis cujus, et unde, refert;
Fors fortasse suo, fortasse aliunde, flagello;
Quantulacunque suî, pars tamen ipse suî.
Sic rite armatus, quinis (et fortè minoris)
Conductum solidis scandere gestit equum.
Lætus et impavidus, quà fert fortuna (volantem
Cernite) quadrupedem pungit, et urget iter.
Admisso cursu, per rura, per oppida, fertur:
Adlatrant catuli, multaque ridet anus.
Jamque ferox plagis, erectâ ad verbera dextrâ,
Calce cruentato lassat utrumque latus.
Impete sed tanto vixdum confecerit ille
Millia propositæ sexve, novemve, viæ;

---

‡ This Poem first appeared in ed. 1734, p. 121, with the Title, 'Eques Extemporaneus.' A person of the name of '*Procter*,' appears also in song, as filling the same office at Oxford, at the same time that *Hobson* did at Cambridge. See Carmina Quadrigesimalia, p. 81, by Thomas, 1716.

Viribus absumptis, fessusque labore, caballus
Sternit in immundum seque equitemque lutum.
Vectus iter peraget curru plaustrove viator?
Proh pudor et facinus! cogitur ire pedes.
Si, nec inexpertum, seniorem junior audis,
Quæ sint exiguæ commoda disce moræ.
Quam tibî præcipio, brevis est, sed regula certa:
Ocyùs ut possis pergere, lentus eas.

THRAX.‡

THREICIUM infantem, cùm lucem intravit et auras,
Fletibus excepit mœstus uterque parens.
Threicium infantem, cùm luce exivit et auris,
Extulit ad funus lætus uterque parens.
Interea, tu Roma, et tu tibi, Græcia, plaudens,
Dicitis, hæc vera est Thraïca barbaries.
Lætitiæ causam, causamque exquirite luctûs;
[1]Vosque "est quod doceat Thraïca barbaries."

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 122.

[1] 'Est quod vos doceat.' Ed. 1734.

IN EFFIGIEM DOMINÆ CATHARINÆ HYDE.‡

KNELLERI egregios vidit Cytherea[1] labores,
Nympharum varios habitus, vultusque venustos,
Quis frontis divinus honos, quæ gratia cuique
Dissimilis, formæque suæ bene-conscia diva,
[2] Sic ego (monstravitque manu) sic ora ferebam,
Inquit, in Idæo referens certamine pomum.
[3] Me mihi, si memini, talem pellucidus amnis,
Me talem exhibuit speculum. [4] Sic me quoque pulchram,
Nativo exortam fluctu cùm pinxit, et udos
Siccantem in ripâ crines, descripsit Apelles;
Sic nivea ornârunt fusi mea colla capilli.
[5] Ploravi viduata meum sic, inquit, Adonin.
Et tales gessi vultus mœrore decoros.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 123.

[1] Intellige imagines quasdam à G. Kneller, bart. depictas.

[2] Hon. Dom. Sherrard. [3] Comitissam de Sunderland.

[4] Com. de Ranelagh. [5] Com. de Salisbury.

At cùm conspexit [6]Miram, cui dulcis in ore
Majestas, blandisque nitor suffusus ocellis,
Constitit, obtutuque hærens, formosior, inquit,
Aut hæc est nobis, aut nos malè pinxit Apelles.

---

[6] Dom. Cath. Hyde.

LACHRYMÆ PICTORIS.‡

INFANTEM audivit puerum, sua gaudia, Apelles
  Intempestivo fato obiisse diem.
Ille, licèt tristi perculsus imagine mortis,
  Proferri in medium corpus inane jubet.
Et calamum, et succos poscens, Hos accipe luctus,
  Mœrorem hunc, dixit, nate, parentis habe.
Dixit; et, ut clausit, clausos depinxit ocellos;
  Officio pariter fidus utrique pater:
Frontemque, et crines, nec adhuc pallentia formans
  Oscula, adumbravit lugubre pictor opus.

Perge, parens, mœrendo tuos expendere luctus;
  Nondum opus absolvit triste suprema manus.

Vidit adhuc molles genitor super oscula risus;
  Vidit adhuc veneres irrubuisse genis:
Et teneras raptim veneres, blandosque lepores,
  Et tacitos risus transtulit in tabulam.
Pingendo desiste tuum signare dolorem;
  Filioli longùm vivet imago tui:
Vivet, et æternâ vives tu laude; nec arte
  Vincendus pictor, nec pietate pater.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 124.

EPITAPHIUM

IN SEPTEM ANNORUM PUELLULAM.‡

QUAM suavis mea Chloris, et venusta,
Vitæ quàm fuerit brevis, monebunt
Hic circùm violæ rosæque fusæ;
Quarum purpura, vix aperta, clausa est.

Sed nec dura nimis vocare fata,
Nec fas est nimiùm queri caducæ
De formæ brevitate, quam rependit
Æterni diuturnitas odoris.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 125.

PIETAS RUBECULÆ.‡

QUÆ tibi regalis dederant diadematis aurum,
 Dant et funereum fana, Maria, tholum.
Quisque suis vicibus, mœsto stant ordine flentes;
 Oreque velato fœmina triste silet.
Parva avis interea, residens in vertice summo,
 Emittit tremulâ lugubre voce melos.
Vespera nec claudit, nec lucem Aurora recludit,
 Quin eadem repetat funebre carmen avis.
Tale nihil dederint vel mausolæa; Mariæ
 Hæc pietas soli debita vera fuit.
Venales lachrymæ, jussique facessite fletus;
 Sumptibus hic nullis luctus emendus erat.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 126.

VERULAMIUM.‡

QUA juxtà Albani divique et martyris ædes
Humphredo servat de duce quod superest;
Urbs stabat, quondam insignis, nunc arva seges-
Abdita nunc ipso, mersa, sepulta solo. [que,
Quo jam murorum turrita superbia cessit!
Quid sibi jam reliquum, quid nisi nomen, habet!
Nil nisi nomen habet—sed et omni illustrius urbe,
Nullaque quo major gloria, nomen habet.
Restat adhuc, restabit adhuc per sæcula longa,
Nomine Baconi nobilitata sui:
Quæ, cùm desierit Verulamius ille vocari,
Nil nisi nunc nomen, tunc neque nomen erit.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 127.

AD RICHARDUM LAMB,

NEC S.T.P. NEC M.D. NEC LL.D. NEQUE DOCTOREM IN MUSICA; SED, EX USU UT CONSTAT VULGATO, DOCTOREM:

EPISTOLA FAMILIARIS.

QUI doctis aliquot studiis impenderit annos,
Hunc Granta exornat, vel Rhedycina, gradu.
Quisquis et egregiam meditando invenerit artem,
Ille sit, (et fas est) doctor in arte suâ.
Hoc tibi debetur; quanquam nihil addere famæ
Nomina vel possunt magna, gradusve, tuæ.
Hoc tibi debetur; quòd te nec doctior alter:
Ungues vel manuum, vel resecare pedum.
Nec magis est præsens opifer, cùm Cynthia crescat;
Et, cùm decrescat Cynthia, nemo magis.
Ne manus armetur rabie, tua maxima cura est;
Longus, quod rabiem colligat, unguis habet:
Proxima, munditiės; ut sint sine sordibus ungues;
Longus, quod sordes contrahat, unguis alit.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 128.

Pulchra (quod adde) manus citharam decorabit eburnam;
  Nec tenuem interdum dedecorabit acum.
Sive quid excrescat pedibus, pluviam unde futuram,
  Unde vices cœli præscia discit anus;
Seu durum excruciet tuber, seu mollius urat,
  Dat tuus extemplo culter amicus opem.
Saltibus hinc habiles matronæ, habilesque puellæ;
  Cùm poscant larvas tempora, cùmque choros.
Doctor ab his ideo vocitare, et doctor ab illis:
  Moribus id, studiis, ingenioque datur.
Sin meritis Rhedycina tuis, sin invida Granta
  Hunc titulum juris dixerit esse sui;
Si tua noluerint augeri nomina binis
  Saltem literulis, literulisve tribus;
Augeri nequeunt: nam te tua fama sequetur;
  Qui (quod nulla vetet lex) OPERATOR eris.

RECONCILIATRIX.‡

CRESCENTES laudes natura inviderat arti;
Et sibi rivalem nescia ferre parem; [ori,
Divinam effinxit nympham, et formam addidit
Cui Cypriæ posset cedere forma deæ.
Hanc videt ars, vincique dolet; doctosque resu-
Knelleri calamos, æmula tentat opus: [mens
Depingit suavesque genas, mollesque capillos,
Et colla intactâ candidiora nive.
Virginei rubor idem, eademque est gratia vultûs;
Et similis roseo spirat in ore decor.
Hinc nec certamen vult illa iterare vel illa:
Contenta et felix utraque laude suâ.
Gloria naturæ atque artis, componere tantas
Quæ potuit lites unica, Mira§ fuit.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 130.
§ See p. 161.

SCHOLA RHETORICES.‡

LONDINI ad pontem, Billingî nomine, porta
 Unde ferunt virides ostrea Nereides. [est,
Hîc sibi perpetuam legit facundia sedem;
 Nec modus hîc verbis, neve figura deest.
Sermonem densis oratrix floribus ornat,
 Et fundit varios, ingeminatque, tropos.
Et nervi, et veneres, et vis, et copia fandi
 Insunt; et justum singula pondus habent.
O sedes, totidem multùm celebrata per annos!
 Omne tibi rostrum cedit, et omne forum.
Utraque, quos malit, titulos academia jactet:
 At tibi linguarum Janua nomen erit.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 132.

CRUEL DECEIT.‡

SCARCE had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn, [shade,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook;
A brook, where Adon used to cool his spleen;
Hot was the day, she hotter, that did look
For his approach, that often here had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
He, spying her, bounced in, when as he stood;
Oh, Jove! quoth she, why was not I a flood?

SHAKESPEARE.

---

‡ See Shakespeare's Sonnets, (ed. Evans,) p. 119.

ODE

MAGISTRI GULIELMI SHAKESPEARE, VERSIONE LATINA DONATA.§

VIX matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem
  Umbrosa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
Cùm secum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas,
  Adventum expectans sedit, Adoni, tuum.
Sub salicis sedit ramis, ubi sæpe solebat
  Procumbens fastum deposuisse puer.
Æstus erat gravis; at gravior sub pectore divæ
  Qui fuit, et longè sævior, æstus erat.
Mox puer advenit, posuitque à corpore vestem,
  Tam propè vix Venerem delituisse ratus:
Utque deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
  Attonitus mediis insiliebat aquis.
Crudelem decepta dolum, fraudemque superbam
  Ut videt, his mœstis ingemit illa modis:
Cur, ex æquoreæ spumâ cùm nascerer undæ,
  Non ipsa, O inquit Jupiter! unda fui!

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 131.

CANIS ET ECHO.§

PURIS in cœlo radiis argentea Luna
  In Tamisis tremulâ luce refulsit aquis.
Improbus hoc vidit catulus, ringensque malignum
  Solvit in indignos ora proterva modos:
Lunamque in cœlo, lunamque aggressus in undis,
  In sidus pariter sævus utrumque furit.
Sub ripis latuit fors ulterioribus echo,
  Audiit et vanas ludicra nympha minas:
Audiit; et rabie rabiem lepidissima vindex
  Ulcisci statuit, parque referre pari.
Ille repercussæ deceptus imagine vocis,
  Irarum impatiens jam magis, estque magis.
Reddere latratus pergit latratibus echo;
  Quemque canis statuit, servat imago modum.
Tandem ubi lassatæ fauces, et spiritus, et vox;
  Defervet rabies tota, siletque canis.
Et poterat siluisse priùs; furor omnis ineptus,
  Omnisque in sese futilis ira redit.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 133.

CRURA ADSCITITIA.‡

HANC puer (et pueri mentem quoque gloria tangit)
  Artem habet, ut sese tollere possit humo:
Selecta ex baculis duo ligna abiegna requirit,
  Quatuor ad spatium plusve minusve pedum.
His etiam, ut meliùs vestigia firmet, equino
  De corio affigit fortia lora duo.
Quæ postquam clavis suprà devinxit et infrà,
  Ipse suum scandit, quod fabricavit, opus,
Cautoque incedit, prima ad tentamina, gressu,
  Et nova cum multo crura tremore movet.
Mox ubi se didicit libramine pendere justo,
  Hinc inde intrepidos fertque refertque gradus.
Saxa per et plateas largis vult passibus ire;
  Quà via per medium, quà via nulla, lutum.
Cùm subito (audentes fortuna nec usque juvabit
  Prospera) in immundam præcipitatur humum.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 134.

Quid faciat patris metuens, metuensque magistri!
  Quo fugiat tunicas squalidus, ora, manus!
Quin iterum ascendat, magnis licèt excidat ausis;
  Si malè nunc fuerit, non malè semper erit.
Altiùs in cœlum valido pila surgit ab ictu;
  Gaudet et à plagis ocyùs ire trochus.
In geminis didicit quicunque incedere lignis,
  Cruribus hic poterit tutiùs ire suis.

ROSA: AD STELLAM.‡

DELICIÆ juvenum, nympharum hodierna voluptas,
Ecce ea, quo rubeat, Stella, rubore Rosa!
Stella, vide quantum foliis suffundat honorem!
Explicet ad solem purpura quale decus!
Cras, Stella, exemplum pulchris lachrymabile, eandem
Arentem, laceram, pallidulamque vide.
Stella, rosæ miserere; et dum miserere, memento,
Quòd brevis est ævi, quòd tua forma Rosa est.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 135.

IN FENESTRAM SEPTENTRIONALEM FANI WESTMONASTERIENSIS.§

———Renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre.

ANTIQUAM Petri quæ pulchrè illuminat ædem,
Artificem agnoscit picta fenestra manum.
Circulus illustris summâ splendescit in orâ,
Divus apostolici, cum duce, quisque chori.
Cœlestes intus facies, vultusque videntur
Aligeri: in medio biblia sacra patent. [lores!
Quàm benè miscentur, sua per loca quisque, co-
Quàm benè cœruleum, purpureumque decus!
Quàm lumen solenne, et quàm venerabilis umbra!
Spectantem ut recreat lumen! ut umbra juvat!
Quæ pænè interiit longos pictura per annos,
Illuxit bibulo jam rediviva vitro:
Jamque recens iterum, jam nostrâ ætate revixit
Clariùs, antiquæ laudis et artis opus.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 136.

ALEXANDER ET XERXES.§

FLET Macedo, sibi totum ubi debellaverat orbem,
Indignans armis nil superesse suis :
Flet Xerxes, quòd nemo suis de millibus, ætas
Proxima cùm veniet, nemo superstes erit.
Nolo tuas, Macedo, lachrymas : ego laudo dolorem
Humanum ; et tecum, Persa, dolere volo.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 137.

IN STATUAM SEPULCHRALEM INFANTIS DORMIENTIS.§

INFANS venuste, qui sacros dulces agens
  In hoc sopores marmore,
Placidissimâ quiete compôstus jaces,
  Et inscius culpæ et metûs,
Somno fruaris, docta quam dedit manus
  Sculptoris; et somno simul,
Quem nescit artifex vel ars effingere,
  Fruaris innocentiæ.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 137.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM

BENJAMINI FERRERS‡

PICTORIS SURDI ET MUTI: QUI OBIIT ANNO MDCCXXXII.

ET tu! tune avidæ rapina mortis!
Et tu præda voracis es sepulchri!
Nec virtus tua te redemit orco,
Nec vitæ tenor innocenter actæ!
At siquid pia prorogare musa
Contracti spatio valebit ævi,
Te justum memorabit integrumque
Morum; te tenebris silentioque
In lucem eripiet, dabitque famæ,
Annis quod deerat, superfuturæ.
Nascenti quòd et obseravit aures,
Et linguæ docilis negavit usum;
Hoc rerum tibi consulebat author:
Ne purum mala pectus inquinaret
Ubertas vitii, et libido culpæ;
Corruptam scelere, et fide carentem

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 138.

Ne fraus argueret dolusque mentem:
Ut pravâ sine labe, sæculique
Præsens nequitiæ, nec interesses.
Humanas neque res et actiones
Spectabas minùs, ut vel hoc, vel illud,
Vel quidquam fugeret tuum sagacem
Captum; quin calamis, et hoc et illud,
Expressum in tabulas statim referres.
Quanquam nulla tibi necessitudo
Cum libris fuit; id rependit omne,
(Quod vitæ propius tuæ magisque
Allusit) studium silentis artis.
Maturi mihi vis amica fati
Cùm lucem ferè clauserit supremam,
Tam sanctè, placidè, piè peractam
Ætatem oh! recolam, recolligamque
Turpi crimine tam procul remotam;
Non est, quod superos priùs rogârim.

VICTORIA FORENSIS.‡

CAIO cum Titio lis et vexatio longa
  Sunt de vicini proprietate soli.
Protinus ingentes animos in jurgia sumunt
  Utraque vincendi pars studiosa nimis.
Lis tumet in schedulas, et jam verbosior, et jam:
  Nec verbum quodvis asse minoris emunt.
Prætereunt menses, et terminus alter et alter;
  Quisque novos sumptus, alter et alter, habent.
Ille querens, hic respondens pendente vocatur
  Lite; sed, ad finem litis, uterque querens.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 140.

CERTAMEN MUSICUM.‡

OCTO trans Tamisin campanis diva Maria;*
  Cis Tamisin bis sex diva Brigetta sonat.†
Hæc tenues urget modulos properantiùs ædes,
  Alternat grandes lentiùs illa modos.
Nec quis in alterutro distinguat littore judex,
  An magis hæc aurem captet, an illa magis.
Tantæ est harmoniæ contentio musica; turris
  Altera cùm numeros, altera pondus habet.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 140.

* St. Mary Overie.

† St. Bridget, alias St. Bride's, which has twelve bells. See New Remarks on London, by the Parish Clerks, 1732, p. 156; the same Work, at p. 175, says, St. Mary Overie has a ring of *ten* bells, instead of *eight*, as in the text.

CARMEN LAPIDARIUM.‡

HIC jaceo T. L.
Quinquagenarius;
Tuæ, lector, exemplum mortalitatis:
Peccatis, doloribus et morbis
Ad sepulchrum usque depressus.
Qui vixerim, si nescias, nolis sciscitari;
Si scias, malis oblivisci:
Hoc unicum contentus doceri,
Quòd in terram, cui tu pariter cognatus es,
Propero resolvi:
Nec tu interim huc etiam descendere
Moraris.

---

‡ First published in ed. 1734, p. 141.

PYRAMIS.‡

PYRAMIDUM sumptus, ad cœlum et sidera ducti,
Quid dignum tantâ mole, quid intus habent?
Ah! nihil intus habent, nisi nigrum informe cadaver;
Durata in saxum est cui medicata caro.
Ergone porrigitur monumentum in jugera tota!
Ergo tot annorum, tot manuumque labor!
Integra sit morum tibi vita; hæc pyramis esto:
Et poterunt tumulo sex satis esse pedes.

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 142.

STRADÆ PHILOMELA.§

PASTOREM audivit calamis Philomela canentem,
Et voluit tenues ipsa referre modos;
Ipsa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans
Argutum fidâ reddere voce melos.
Pastor inassuetus rivalem ferre, misellam
Grandius ad carmen provocat, urget avem.
Tuque etiam in modulos surgis, Philomela; sed impar
Viribus, heu impar, exanimisque cadis.
Durum certamen! tristis victoria! cantum
Maluerit pastor non superâsse tuum.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 142. See Strada's Prolusiones, Lib. ii. Prol. VI. Academia II. p. 324, ed. Ox. 1745. And see on this Poem of Strada's, Sir W. Ouseley's Pers. Travels, vol. ii. p. 221, p. 481; and Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. vi. p. 119.

There is a Poem on the same subject in Carmina Quadragesimalia, by Adams and Smith, p. 28. 'Dum Plectro fidicen,' &c.

THESTYLIS COQUA.‡

ALLIA,[1] serpyllum, rutamque et sectile porrum
Thestylis, et panis frustula dura coquit.
Jusculaque ut gustu capiant meliore palatum,
Immittit salsæ pinguia terga suis.
Rusticus hinc stomachum lenitque, et recreat artus;
Hinc corde exultat messor, et ore nitet.
O labor! O sudor! dulcis conditor uterque!
Egregiam facitis Thestylin esse Coquam.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 143.

[1] See Virg. Eclog. ii. 10:

> "Thestylis et rapido fessis messoribus æstu
> Allia, serpillumque herbas contundit olentes."

CANTATRICES.§

QUA septem vicos conterminat una‡ columna,
Consistunt nymphæ Sirenum ex agmine binæ;
Stramineum capiti tegimen, collumque per omne
Ingentes electri[1] orbes: utrique pependit
Crustato vestis cœno, limoque rigescens
Crure usque à medio calcem defluxit ad imum.
Exiguam secum pendentem ex ubere natam
Altera; venales dextrâ tulit altera chartas.
His vix dispositis, pueri innuptæque puellæ
Accurrunt: sutor primus, cui lorea vitta
Impediit crines, humili, quæ proxima stabat,
Proruit è cellâ, chartas, si fortè placerent,
Empturus; namque ille etiam se carmine multo
Oblectat, longos solus quo rite labores
Diminuit, fallitque hybernæ tædia noctis.
Collecti murmur sensim increbrescere vulgi
Audit; et excurrit nudis ancilla lacertis.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 143.
‡ The Seven Dials. [1] Electræ. Ed. 1734.

Incudem follesque et opus fabrile relinquens,
Se densæ immiscet plebi niger ora Pyracmon.
It juxtà, depressum ingens cui mantica tergum
Incurvat, tardo passu; simul ille coronam
Aspectat vulgi, spe carminis arrigit aures;
Statque moræ patiens, humeris nec pondera sentit.
Sic ubi Tartareum regem Rhodopeïus Orpheus
Threiciis studuit fidibus mulcere, laboris
Immemor, Æolides stupuit modulamina plectri,
Nec sensit funesti onera incumbentia saxi.
Sæpe interventus rhedæ crepitantis, ab illo
Vicorum, aut illo, stipantem hinc inde catervam
Dividit; at rursus coeunt, ubi transiit illa,
Ut coeunt rursus, puppis quas dividit, undæ.
Canticulæ interea narraverat argumentum
Altera Sirenum, infidi perjuria nautæ,
Deceptamque dolo nympham: tum flebile carmen
Flebilibus movit numeris, quos altera versu
Alterno excepit: patulis stant rictibus omnes:
Dextram ille, acclinat, lævam ille attentiùs aurem,
Promissum carmen captare paratus hiatu.
Longa referre mora est, animum quâ vicerit arte
Virgineum juvenis. Jam poscunt undique chartas
Protensæ emptorum dextræ, quas illa vel illa
Distribuit, cantatque simul: neque ferreus iste
Est usquam auditor, dulcis cui lene camœna
Non adhibet tormentum, et furtivum elicit assem.
Stat medios inter baculoque innititur Irus;

Nec tamen hic loculo parcit, sed prodigus æris
Emptor adest, solvit pretium, carmenque requirit.
Fors juxtà adstabat vetula iracundior æquo;
Quæ loculo ex imo invitum, longúmque latentem
Depromens vix tandem obolum, cedo, fœmina, chartam,
Inquit; ut æternum monumentum in pariete figam,
Cum laribus mansurum ipsis, quàm credula nymphis
Pectora sint; fraudis quàm plena, et perfida nautis.

AD GULIELMUM HOGARTH,‡

Παραινετικόν.

QUI mores hominum improbos, ineptos,
Incîdis, nec ineleganter, æri,
Derisor lepidus, sed et severus,
Corrector gravis, at nec invenustus;
Seu pingis meretricios amores,
Et scenas miseræ vicesque vitæ;
Ut tentat pretio rudem puellam
Corruptrix anus, impudens, obesa;
Ut se vix reprimit libidinosus
Scortator, veneri paratus omni:
Seu describere vis, facete, censor,
Bacchanalia sera protrahentes
Ad confinia crastinæ diei,
Fractos cum cyathis tubos, matellam
Non plenam modò sed superfluentem,
Et fortem validumque combibonem
Lætantem super amphorâ repletâ;
Jucundissimus omnium ferêris,

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 146.

Nullique artificum secundus, ætas,
Quos præsens dedit, aut dabit futura.
Macte ô, eja age, macte sis amicus
Virtuti: vitiique quod notâris,
Pergas pingere, et exhibere coràm.
Censura utilior tua æquiorque
Omni vel satirarum acerbitate,
Omni vel rigidissimo cachinno.

PLUS SCIRE OPORTET, QUAM LOQUI.‡

QUÆ gravitas oculis! et quæ Constantia fronti!
Sobrius ut toto pectore bubo sapit!
Ales Pythagorâ dignus, dignusque Minervâ!
Sermonis parcus, consiliique tenax!
§Oh habitet tecum, bubo, et sit pectore in isto,
Quicquid habes: quoties effluet, omen erit.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 147.

§ See "Maledicta spreta excolescunt," in Lusus Westm. p. 154, which ends,

"Nil nocuere illis spretæ convicia linguæ,
At tibi quod dicit Psittacus, omen habet."

NON ES, QUOD SIMULAS.‡

ANTE focum nutatquè et lumina claudit herilem
Et stupida, et vultu seria, felis anus:
Nil ea lascivi saltûs meminisse videtur;
Lusûs, si spectes, nil juvenilis habet,
Sed grave, sed prudens quamvìs, castumque tuetur,
Caudam, cùm tempus fert, agitare potest.

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 147.

OCEANUS PRÆDATOR ET RESTITUTOR.‡

ABLUIT oceanus terras hinc inde jacentes;
  Excavat et ripas, subtus edendo, salum.
At neque contrahitur tellus subducta rapinis,
  At neque fit furtis auctior unda suis.
Nam parte ex aliâ desertam extendit arenam
  Littus, et è mediis insula crescit aquis.
Nil prodest lucrum, cui damna æqualia: fines
  Oceanus mutat, sed superare nequit.

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 148.

PARENTIS SOLICITUDO.‡

PLUMASQUE, et pilos, et muscum hinc colligit illinc,
Fœtibus ut nidum sedula sternat avis :
Quos ubi surreptos caveâ suspendit arator,
Hîc quoque captivos provida mater alit.
Si muscam, si vermem affert, vel fortè cicadam,
Totus hiat nidus, conqueriturque famem.
Infelix in utroque parens ! labor est peperisse,
Et labor est pullos non peperisse sibi.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1734, p. 148. With this Poem the editions of 1734 and 1735 end.

EPILOGUS CANTHARÆ, AD TERENTII ADELPHOS.§

MISSA peroratum venio paupercula nutrix,
  Simplicis et mundæ sedulitatis anus;
Moribus, ornatuque,[1] exceptis excipiendis,
  A capite ad calcem Canthara vera—mera.

Quin ades, O bone Fauste,[2] et me quoque finge puellam,
  Pulchram, habilem, instructam mille placere modis.
Lintea num fluitant à vertice longa? capillum
  Num mihi compressum multa retorquet acus?
Num maculis[3] varior majoribus atque minutis?
  Collane marmoreos nudor ad usque sinus?

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 186. This Poem is in the Lusus Westm. p. 238.

[1] Ornatu atque.—L. W.

[2] Magicam Fausti virgulam intellige.

[3] Patches.

Amplo circuitu se sublevat amphitheatrum?[4]
Dicite, septeno num stat in orbe rigor?

Ut spe lactamur vetulæ! nil virgula prodest,
Nil prosunt artes, improbe Fauste, tuæ.
Canthara adhuc, eadem sum Canthara: vitta tegebat
Canos, et canos nunc quoque vitta tegit.
Lenta mihi pendet vestis, quæ lenta pependit;
Et pepla ipsa eadem, quæ rubuêre, rubent.
Ecce idem ad zonam[5] tinnit[6] mihi cultus anilis;[7]
Idem in turrito vertice nutat apex.
Torpet iners venis etiamnum sanguis; in ore
Nec mihi pullinus dens,[8] neque denticulus.
Inque genas subiit mihi pilus et alter et alter,
Lilia quas memini, quas decorâsse rosas.
Nec tamen incuso Parcas; nec questibus ægris
Ingemo damnosam me minuisse diem.
Restituet lætam mihi gratia vestra juventam:
Plaudite vos faciles—Canthara non anus est.

---

[4] Amphitheatrum, ‘the Hoop.’ Orbiculare Indusium. This is an allusion to a passage in Pope's Rape of the Lock:

‘Oft have we known that *sevenfold* fence to fail.’

See Carmina Quad. p. 89, by Prescott.

“Stant terno ceti ossa gradu, terno ordine funes,
Staminaque undantes explicitura sinus.”

[5] a zonâ.—L. W. [6] Pro tinnit—pendet.—L. W.

[7] Cultus anilis, bunch of keys.

[8] Nec pullinus inest dens.—L. W.

MANUALE‡

TYPOGRAPHIA OMNI ANTIQUIUS,

NULLI USPIAM LIBRORUM INSERTUM CATALOGO.§

EXIGUUS liber est, muliebri creber in usu,
  Per se qui dici bibliotheca potest.
Copia verborum non est, sed copia rerum;
  Copia (quod nemo deneget) utilior.
Rubris consuitur pannis; fors texitur auro;
  Bis sexta ad summum pagina claudit opus.
Nil habet à tergo titulive aut nominis; intus
  Thesauros artis servat, et intus opes:
Intus opes, quas nympha sinu pulcherrima gestet,
  Quas nive candidior tractet ametque manus.
Quando instrumentum præsens sibi postulat usus,
  Majusve, aut, operis pro ratione, minus.
Et genere et modulo diversa habet arma, gradatim
  Digesta, ad numeros attenuata suos:
Primum enchiridii folium majuscula profert,
  Qualia, quæ blæso est lumine, poscat anus.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 188.
§ Needle-book.

Quod sequitur folium, matronis arma ministrat,
 Dicere quæ magnis proximiora licet.
Tertium, item quartum, quintumque minuscula supplet,
 Sed non ejusdem singula quæque loci.
Disposita ordinibus certis, discrimina servant;
 Quæ sibi conveniant, seligat unde nurus.
Ultima quæ restant, quæ multa minutula nympha
 Dicit, sunt sexti divitiæ folii.
Quantillo in spatio doctrina O! quanta latescit!
 Quam tamen obscuram vix brevitate voces.
Non est interpres, non commentarius ullus,
 Aut index; tam sunt omnia perspicua.
Ætatem ad quamvis, ad captum ita fingitur omnem,
 Ut nihil auxilii postulet inde liber.
Millia librorum numerat perplura; nec ullum
 Bodlæi huic jactat bibliotheca parem.
Millia Cæsareo numerat quoque munere Granta,
 Hæc tamen est inter millia tale nihil.
Non est non istis author de millibus unus,
 Cui tanta ingenii vis, vel *acumen* inest.

MOLA JUVENTUTIS RESTAURATRIX.‡

MEDEA, effæti revocaret ut Æsonis annos,
Diversam herbarum mille poposcit opem;
Carminaque et magicas artes, succosque potentes,
Quosve venenorum Thessala terra parens;
Quos Pindus, quos Ossa tulit, quos Pelion altus,
Quotquot et Apidani gramina ripa dedit;
Quodque triceps Hecate auxilii, quod numina noctis,
Quod nemorum poterant diique deæque dare.
His simul incoctis, precibusque et carmine multo
Sopiti jugulum discidit ense senis.
Sanguis ubi exierat, validi medicamine succi
Replevit soceri guttura cæsa nurus.
Canities, maciesque abiit, pallorque, situsque,
Plenaque luxuriant membra vigore novo.
Scilicet hoc visum est mirè finxisse poetæ;
Te penes est dignum dicere necne fide.
Quidlibet audendi pictori est æqua potestas,
Et multi ingenii tradidit ille molam.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 190.

Clarius inventum, quoniam plus exhibet artis,
  (Quod mox agnosces) prodigiique minus.
Ponitur in campis (ita lusit amabile pictor)
  Machina, bis senos, vix minùs, alta pedes.
Non agitur ventis, non est versatilis undis,
  Versandæ toti sufficit unus homo.
Pyxis quadrati ex ligni compagine, summum
  Inversi coni conficit instar opus.
Huc ope scalarum ascendens, de margine capsæ
  Conjicitur præceps, ut juvenescat, anus.
Dum rota versatur, (credat, qui conspicit) exit
  Juxtà expectanti pulchra puella proco.
Pulchra, decens, habilis—vetulæ hæc miracula
    cernunt,
  Et propere ad scalas, ut renoventur, eunt.
Jam non in plateis, longâ confecta senectâ,
  Hoc vetula exaudit triste, *memento mori.*
Siquam pervulgata fidem pictura meretur,
  Læta magis vox est illa, *memento mori.*

CORNICULA.§

NIGRAS inter aves avis est, quæ plurima turres,
Antiquas ædes, celsaque fana colit.
Nil tam sublime est, quod non audace volatu,
Aeriis spernens inferiora, petit.
Quo nemo ascendat, cui non vertigo cerebrum
Corripiat, certè hunc seligit illa locum.
Quo vix à terrâ tu suspicis absque tremore,
Illa metûs expers incolumisque sedet.
Lamina delubri supra fastigia, ventus
Quâ cœli spiret de regione, docet;
Hanc ea præ reliquis mavult, secura pericli,
Nec curat, nedum cogitat, unde cadat.
Res inde humanas, sed summa per otia, spectat,
Et nihil ad sese, quas videt, esse videt.
Concursus spectat, plateâque negotia in omni,
Omnia pro nugis at sapienter habet.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 192.

Clamores, quos infra audit, si forsitan audit,
  Pro rebus nihili negligit, et crocitat.
Ille tibi invideat, felix cornicula, pennas,
  Qui sic humanis rebus abesse velit.

CONSPICILLUM.‡

OMNIBUS ex oculis, quos ars invenit et usus,
Per quos conspicimus res prope, resque procul;
Commodius nihil est, nihil est præsentius illis,
Impositos naso [1] quos fere quisque gerit.
Sunt, qui temporibus, ne balbâ è nare loquantur,
Affigi malunt hæc vitrea auxilia.
Sunt, quibus in dextrâ vitrum prætenditur unum;
Hi sunt ex illis, quos pudet esse senes.
Nemo sagax magis est exploratore novorum,
Cùm vitra in naso gestet, in ore tubum:
His pollens armis, his adjutricibus armis,
Arcani nihil est, quod subolere nequit.
Adjumenta domi hæc si fors fortasse relinquat,
Frustra sub cubito biblia portat anus:
Excidit ex animo, nihilique est concio tota,
Ni caput et versum, secum habet, unde notet.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 193.

[1] 'Fere quos,' by an error of the press. Ed. 1743.

Induit alternis psalmodus et exuit infrà
  Clericus, alternis ut legat, utque canat.
[2] Pollice tunc habuit suspensa, obliqua tuenti
  Cùm niveum ostendit nympha sopora sinum.
Lumina cui languent, multis hebetantur et annis,
  Quatuor ut fiant, addat ab arte duo.
Qui vult argutus, qui vult oculatus haberi,
  In capite hic oculos gestet, et in loculo.

---

[2] Vide Picturam Gul. Hogarth, quæ sopitam lepidissimè describit Congregationem.

IN EDICTUM

REGIS GEORGII SECUNDI

DE RECUDENDIS NUMMIS AUREIS.

AUREA Jacobi vultus et nomina gessit
  Lamina; sed longo jam tenuata die.
Scilicet exesas injuria temporis oras
  Sensim corrosit, diminuitque latus.
Vix patet huic sceptrum, vix huic distinguitur orbis,
  Inscriptum haud illi lemma videre licet.
Ne valor et pondus decrescere pergeret ultrà,
  Huic quoque præcavit regia cura malo.
Edicto incudi detrita numismata reddi
  Jussit, et effigiem ferre recusa novam.
Nec tamen amitti dices cum nomine formam;
  Est et adhuc vultus, qui pretiosa facit.

---

‡ First appeared in éd. 1743, p. 195.

PONS WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

TAMISI, regales qui præterlaberis arces,
Quàm se magnificum, suspice, tollit opus!
Quanto cum saxis coalescunt pondere saxa!
Quo nexu incumbens sustinet arcus onus!
Ardua quàm justo pendet libramine moles!
Quâ partes hærent partibus harmoniâ!
Quos, cerne, ad numeros, ab utrovis littore, sensim
Sunt supra acclives alterutrinque viæ!
Pontis aperturæ quàm distant legibus æquis,
Exterior quævis interiore minor!
Hunc artis splendorem inter, nihil impedit undas,
Quove minùs placidus vel taciturnus eas.
Nil tibi descensum accelerat; non vorticis ullus
Impetus, in præceps unde ferantur aquæ.
Fluxu idem, refluxu idem, lenissimus amnis
Incolumem subtus[1] sternis, ut antè, viam:
Seris indicium sæc'lis, quo principe tanta
Hæc tibi surrexit gloria, liber eris.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 196.
[1] 'Substus,' by an error of the press. Ed. 1743.

MILLIARIA.§

LONDINUM à Grantâ pergenti (in pace quiescat,
Qui posuit) quota sint millia, saxa notant.
Jam non, ad patrias ædes rediturus, alumnus
Incertæ queritur tædia dura viæ.
Jam non, Fulmerii deserta per æquora campi,
Quærit ubi villam, conspiciatve domum.
Quem roget, occurrat nullus si fortè viator,
Certus in incertis rebus amicus adest.
Est in conspectu, qui millia computat, index,
Et numerat, quanto diminuatur iter.
Hunc prætervecto lapidem, qui proximus instat,
Millia signabit præteriisse duo.
Vix e conspectu, vix sese ubi submovet ille,
Ordine qui subeant, alter et alter erunt:
Tertius, et quartus—quintusque haud conficit horam;
Tam placido pergunt usque tenore viæ.
Ignotæ tantum præstat distantia nota;
Millia quæ reddit plura, minusque viæ.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 197.

EPILOGUS CRITONIS AD TERENTII ANDRIAM.§

ECQUIS ubi est?—audite aliquis—puer, endromidem da;
Adde manum (quid stas lentus?) utramque manum:
Da mihi jam terrorem, et jam duo fulmina belli,
Et jam balteolum—cætera portet equus.
Si mea sunt—O sunt—mihi salva viatica, rite
Instruor, his armis tutus, et his animis.
Hisce ego latrones abigo, corvosque, canesque;
His pluviæ subigo vim, Boreæque minas.
Seu per planitiem contendo, ubi rarior agris
Stat rubus, aut inopi stramine tecta casa;
Sive eo per salebras et per præerupta locorum,
Et per crescentis tædia[1] longa viæ;
Si non obliquus sedeam, si à posteriori
Integer et salvus, cætera salvus[2] eo.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 198. This Poem is in the Lusus Westmonaster. p. 246.

[1] 'fragmina.'—L. W. [2] 'sanus.'—L. W.

Improba latrantis stomachi cùm murmurat ira,
(Usque adeo res est imperiosa fames)
Divertor—mihi cœnam, et equo sua pabula posco;
Neu mala defraudet, viso, reviso, manus.
Seligere est lectum mihi proxima cura; laborque
Detrahere est ocreas proximus—et labor est.
Accumbo cœnæ—et mecum hospes, seu rogo, seu non:
Et bibit, et comedit, plus tamen ille bibit.
[1] Cras venit, et schedula—imprimis mihi panis-itemque
Pullus-item vinum—nil nisi cum pretio.
Solvo, [2] enchiridion repleo, discedo, salute
Acceptâ et dictâ—vive valeque—vale.
Puer. Te tuus expectat sonipes, nescitque morari
Impatiens—*Cr.* in me non erit ulla mora.
Vos quibus hospitibus placidis et suavibus utor,
Este salutati, docta corona, mihi.
Este, O spectantes, animis, quod et estis, amicis,
Et pede inoffenso, dicite, perge domum,
Accipio felix omen, plausuque secundo,
Quo [3] cursum institui, pergo viator iter.
Vivite felices; ego quandocunque redibo,
[4] Devoto vobis corde, redibo *Crito.*

---

[1] 'Cras venit, atque albo, sed non felice, lapillo
(Horresco referens) billa notata venit
Imprimis mihi panis, item mihi potus, itemque
Pullus.'—L. W.

CAUPO MEDIATOR.‡

SEU lis inciderit muliebris sive virilis,
  Caupo statim rixæ pacificator adest.
Ille interponens sese, pacem impero vobis,
  Inquit, et in regis nomine posco, rogo:
Præcipuè cautus, ne verba in verbera cedant,
  Respicit hinc pugilum, respicit inde manus.
Neu desit quidquam, quantum facundia possit,
  Tentat, et has voces addit et hisce pares.
Tollite, barbariem; vicini estote, quod estis:
  Imbelles animos arguit iste furor.
Quin sociis mecum fœdus renovate lagenis;
  Lædit enim totas lis inimica domos.
Nemo magis præsens illo est componere lites;
  Sed nebulo siccas odit amicitias.

---

[2] 'enchiridium.'—L. W. [3] 'faustum.'—L. W.
[4] 'Vester ego grato corde redibo Crito.'—L. W.
‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 201.

CICINDELA.§

SUB sepe exiguum 'est, nec raró in margine
ripæ,
Reptile, quod lucet nocte, dieque latet,
Vermis habet speciem, sed habet de lumine nomen;
At priscâ à famâ non liquet, unde micet.
Plerique à caudâ credunt procedere lumen;
Nec desunt, credunt qui rutilare caput.
Nam superas stellas quæ nox accendit, et illi
Parcam eadem lucem dat, moduloque parem.
Forsitan hoc prudens voluit natura caveri,
Ne pede quis duro reptile contereret:
Exiguam, in tenebris ne gressum offenderet ullus,
Prætendi voluit forsitan illa facem.
Sive usum hunc natura parens, seu maluit illum,
Haud frustra accensa est lux, radiique dati.
Ponite vos fastus, humiles nec spernite, magni;
Quando habet et minimum reptile, quod niteat.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 203.

ODE NUPTIALIS.‡

I. JUVENES.

VIRGINES, quas castus amor jugali
Destinat tædæ, generosa vitis
(Quod sit, O! felix, quod et usque felix)
Jungitur ulmo.

VIRGINES.

Si preces junctæ auspicium secundent,
Vos[1] simul festum repetemus omen;
"Vite cum dulci juveni sit ulmo
Copula felix."

CHORUS.

Floreant unà viridi juventâ,
Et pari longùm vigeant honore;
Invicem nexis socientque ramis
Mutua vinc'la.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 202.
[1] 'Nos' ed. 1743, recte.

II. JUVENES.

Robur et vires columenque tutum
Arbori arbor det valida imbecilli,
Et diu sospes stabilisque vitem
Fulciat ulmus.

VIRGINES.

Palmites innectat in arctiorem
Vitis amplexum, gravidoque fœtu et
Purpurâ multi decorans racemi
Vestiat ulmum.

CHORUS.

Quod potest, vitem tueatur ulmus;
Quod potest, vitis locupletet ulmum;
Illa tutamen, decus addat illa,
Utraque utrique.

III. JUVENES.

Utraque irruptam arbor, et hæc et illa,
Copulam servet, pariter fidelis,
Nec die solvat citiùs supremo
Fœdus amoris.

VIRGINES.

Sit diu salvum sociale vinc'lum,
Nulla quod fati violet potestas:
Seriùs fiat viduata vitis,
Seriùs ulmus.

CHORUS.

Arbores sylvæ spatiosiores,
Arbores, quas lucus alit, minores,
Hanc fidem laudent, simul æmulentur,
Connubialem.

HÆREDIS LUCTUS.§

NUMMORUM immensæ summæ qui nascitur hæres,
Quo ritu amissum defleat ille patrem!
Magna statim signet mortem Campana, jubete;
Nec pulsus horas desinat ante duas,
Obdite (mœrori quia lux inimica) fenestras;
Duriùs ut pulset nemo, cavete, fores.
Formaque quo major taciti sit funeris, ire
Suspenso servum quemque jubete pede.
Quique paret pullas, sartorem accersite, vestes:
Eventum tristem nil nisi triste decet.
Præcipite, ut currus sit et intra pullus et extra,
Pullaque sint itidem fræna, sedile, rotæ.
Quadratâ in tabulâ defuncti insignia coràm
Prostent, in mediâ fronte locata domûs.
Testetur, fas est, pietatem ecclesia nati:
Pulpita sint pariter condecorata, volo.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 206.

Ut res sunt nihili speciosa imitamina luctûs!
  Ut nugæ, ut fiunt omnia ludibrium!
Fallitur egregiè, quem pompa externa doloris,
  Fallit: nil istis lætius est lachrymis.

BOMBYX.§

FINE sub Aprilis Bombyx excluditur ovo,
  Reptilis exiguo corpore vermiculus.
Frondibus hinc mori, volvox dum fiat adultus,
  Gnaviter incumbens, dum satietur, edit.
Crescendo ad justum cùm jam maturuit ævum,
  Incipit artifici stamine textor opus:
Filaque condensans filis, orbem implicat orbi,
  Et sensim in gyris conditus ipse latet.
Inque cadi teretem formam se colligit, unde
  Egrediens pennas papilionis habet.
Fitque parens tandem, fœtumque reponit in ovis;
  Hoc demum extremo munere functus, obit.
Quotquot in hac nostrâ spirant animalia terrâ,
  Nulli est vel brevior vita, vel utilior.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 207.

REGNARE NOLO, LIBER UT NON SIM MIHI.‡

IRUS ego, (hæc musam memini cecinisse jocosam)||
Pauper, et à cunis claudus—et Irus ero.
Est mihi tibicen lignum, quod cruris iniquis
Gressibus officium præstat—et Irus ero.
Ad latus ampullam gesto, sed non ita magnam,
Unde bibam, quando siccus—et Irus ero.
Pera mihi pendet duplex; salis altera custos,
Altera, quæ panem servat—et Irus ero.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 208.

|| This Poem appeared in Lusus Westmonaster. p. 106, in the following manner:

Irus ego (hæc musam memini cecinisse jocosam)
Pauper et a cunis claudus,—et Irus ero.
Ad latus ampullam gesto, geminamque crumenam
Cum sale quæ panem servet,—et Irus ero.
Insidiis procul atque metu, immunisque pericli,
In cella vivo tutus—et Irus ero.
Irus ego, ampulla, peris, cellaque beatus
Et (regnet, per me, qui velit) Irus ego.

Longa mihi tunica est, et pannis obsita; nympham
Quæ tamen interdum celet—et Irus ero.
Insidiis procul atque metu, immunisque pericli,
In cellâ vivo tutus—et Irus ero.
Invidiam supra, dominoque beatior omni
Irus ego, et (regnet, qui velit) Irus ero.

REGNARE VOLO.‡

BIS sextam clausura diem post festa Decembris
Lusibus innocuis nox salibusque datur.
Festivum in cœtum coeunt pueri atque puellæ,
Ut sors, quos regno destinet, ipsa legat.
Sortis ad arbitrium rex et regina creantur,
Quo ritu? breviter cuncta docendus eris.
De farre et prunis libum componitur ingens,
Bis sex in partes sectile, bisve decem.
Convivæ, quotcunque adsint, sua portio cuique est;
Cuique suum assignat portio quæque locum.
Credere vix poteris, qui risus inter edendum,
Quæ spes pertentent pectora, quive metus.
Rex ille in noctem, regina vocatur et illa,
Cui Faba contigerit, contigeritque Cicer.
Præficiunt epulis convivæ utrumque; salutem
Et regno optantes omnia fausta brevi:
Regnum unam in noctem, si sit lætabile saltem,
Imperio annorum dulcius esse rati.

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 209.

ΔΩΡΟΝ ΑΔΩΡΟΝ.§

CIVES in campos quoties innubilus aer
  Elicit, et tepidum ver, zephyrique leves;
Terga bovis, vel terga suis, satis utraque salsa,
  Caupo suburbanus donat, ut hospes edat.
Nec fraudi successus abest optatus; ad hamum
  Gobio festinat plurimus, et capitur.
Conviva insidiis deceptus editque sititque;
  Nec sentit, quantum crescit edendo sitis.
Non adeò est largus, non est, quem credis, amicus;
  Ut vendat potum, dat tibi caupo cibum.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 210.

APES.‡

GENS frugi et prudens, operosa et provida, vitam
Quàm placide peragunt, quàm sapienter apes!
Urbis habent inter sese consortia; cuique
Stat sua pars operum, munia cuique sua.
Nota domus sua cuique, et parvæ limina cellæ;
Et sua de medio portio cuique cibi est.
Hic esto populus, res esto hæc publica, discat
Unde suos cives instituisse Plato.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 211.

INGENIA IN OCCULTO.‡

DISCIPULOS variæ sectæ, variæque studen-
  Artis, musæum Bethlemiense capit. [tes
Alterius studiis obsit ne forsitan alter,
  Obfirmat cellam portula cuique suam.
Qualis Epicteto lectus, qualisque cathedra,
  Talis iis lectus, tale sedile datur.
Neu Phœbus radiis animi perstringat ocellos,
  Excludit nimium parva fenestra diem.
Dulcibus hic totus musis incumbit; et implet
  Angustos rythmis carminibusque lares:
Impendit curam patriæque et civibus ille;
  Debita si forsan diminuisse queat.
Nusquam est uberior, nusquam seges ingeniorum
  Major; sed messis tota latendo perit.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 212.

DIGNITAS ET OTIUM.‡

ALTIOR est reliquis, quæ sella vocatur honoris;
Acclivis, facili sed superanda jugo.
Hoc solium ascendit, quem tota frequentia poscit
Præsidis in noctem sustinuisse vices.
Ille ubi composuit sese, clavoque galerum
Suspendit, pœtum fert tubulosque puer.
Implet, et accendit, cubitoque innixus utroque
In cathedrâ dignè pro gravitate sedet.
Arbiter hinc dicit legesque modumque bibendi,
Quoque propinanda est ordine cuique salus.
His tandem officiis functus, vinoque gravatus,
Nondum deposito nutat hiatque tubo.
Quæ rarò coeunt, et in unà sede morantur,
En! ubi majestas, et sit habenda quies!

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 213.

AD STEPHANUM DUCK

'Εγκωμιαστικόν.‡

ORTU humilem, obscurum vitâ, servumque labore,
Te, Stephane, in lucem rustica musa vocat.
Principibus placuisse viris tibi contigit aulæ,
Et minor est famâ lauriger ipse tuâ.
Cæsareo jussu, certum est tibi pensio munus;
Te Curatorem Regius Hortus habet.
Regia præterea, si fama est nuncia veri,
Curæ mandatur bibliotheca tuæ.
Nec fastu tamen elata est, vultuve superbo
Fert tua fortunæ prospera musa vices.
Nec mutantur adhuc mores; sed et ille modestus,
Ille verecundus, qui priùs, usque manes.
In modicis æquus; prudens, moderatus in altis,
Exemplar magnis esto, vel opprobrium.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 214.

PROLOGUS AD TERENTII ANDRIAM.§

UT vitam inspicerent hominum, propiusque tuendo
  Formarent mores Graia juventa suos;
Quod deforme fuit vitii, comœdia prisca
  Coràm spectandum, nec sine felle, dedit.
Quod mediocre fuit, veniâ quod dignius, illud
  Descripsit multo musa jocosa sale.
Nec dulce egregiis, nec defuit utile scenis,
  Quod delectaret, quodque moneret idem.
Transtulit à Græcis placidam feliciter artem
  Roma, pari studio consilioque pari:
Quodque suis fuerat per sæcula retro Menander,
  Id quoque Romanis Publius Afer erat.
Simplicitas eadem est scribendi, eademque venustas;
  Casti sunt omnes ingenuique sales.
Concinna est brevitas, et pura oratio, quicquid
  Dicere vult servos fabula, quicquid heros.
Simo, senex pulchre cordatus, lenis in irâ est;

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 215.

Cùm dolet, aut queritur, cùm lachrymatur, homo.
Ingenio juvenis, qui nomine, Pamphilus idem,
Nulli hominum, officio vel pietate, deest.
Natumve aut patrem justè perpendite, non est
Natus amabilior, candidiorve pater.
Tam bene morata est, nitido tam plena lepore
Andria, quam vobis nox hodierna parat..
Nos facili erigite O! risu, plausuque secundo,
Ludere qui pariter discimus et sapere.

EPILOGUS LESBIÆ OBSTETRICIS.‡

AUDISTIS quanto clamore puerpera, Juno
  Lucina, oh! miseræ fer mihi, dixit, opem.
Illa ego sum Juno—sed non de plebe ministra,
  Quales Lucinas viculus omnis habet.
Nil loquor impurum, vel subnuo turpius; ista
  Vulgares animos, degeneresque juvent.
Oscula siquando permittam, admitto pudicè;
  Ut decet humanas ingenuasque nurus.
Si quid fortè bibam, cyathus mihi sufficit unus,
  Pollice vix major—Fors aliquando duo.
Incolumi matre et salvâ, mea proxima cura est
  Infantem primis vestibus induere
Adsidet ad cubitum, Glycerîque Archillis ocellos
  Intuitu primo callida cernit anus: [nasum,
Parvaque componens magnis, frontem, oscula,
  Quid patris explorat, quid referatur avi.
Tergaque demulcens, hominum est sævissimus, inquit,
  Tam pulchram poterit qui violare cutim.

---

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 217.

Deliræ hæc inter nutricis somnia, majus
  Urget opus longè me, graviorque labor ;
Cingere fasciolis teneros, nec duriter, artus,
  Et justum ad modulum fingere molle caput.
Cautio nec levis est, multis de millibus una
  Ne minimo infantem vulnere pungat acus.
Sed nec adhuc cessat mihi cura ; puerpera mater
  Sæpe revisenda est, et mihi sæpe puer.
Interea mihi mensis abit, sed et uno alioque
  Donatus flavo* munere mensis abit.
His ego me officiis, vobis, popule alme virorum,
  Commendo, obsequio, sedulitate, fide.
Quandocunque opus est, me servam accersite vestram ;
  Lesbia curabo protinus esse domi.

---

* A Guinea.

SUICIDA.‡

MUSCA meam volitat circum importuna lucernam,
Alasque amburit jam propè jamque suas.
Sæpe repello manu venientem, et, ineptula musca,
Quæ, te, inquam, impellit tanta libido mori?
Illa tamen redit, et, quanquam servare laboro,
Instat, et in flammas exitiumque ruit.
Exiguam tibi nolo animam, quam projicis, ultrà
Servare; et si sis certa perire, peri.

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 219.

Ἀρχιτέκτων.‡

ASPICIS, ut nidum tignis suffigit hirundo,
  Cæmento ut luteo pensile firmat opus!
Aspicis, ut solido durescunt mœnia nexu,
  Quem neque ventorum vis, neque solvat aqua!
Structura incolumis, multos mansura per annos,
  Vere eadem reduces excipit hospes aves.
Præstat in exiguâ, quod non Vanbrughius æquet,
  Quod non Gibbesius vincat, hirundo domo.

‡ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 219, from Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 54, under the title, " In tenui labor et tenuis non gloria."

ARTIS EST CELARE ARTEM.§

PULCHRA, nec invitos, vocat ad spectacula
Fauxius, egregiæ dexteritatis homo; [cives
Fallere spectantes quo non sollertior alter,
Vel linguæ insidiis, vel levitate manûs.
En! vobis (aperitque manum deceptor utramque)
Orbiculum! hei præsto!—fugit, abivit—adest.
Est hîc, est illic—nusquam est, et ubique—videte,
In mensâ—in loculis hujus—in ore tuo.
Tunc peram invertit; fraudemque exorsus ab ovo
Gallinam profert aligerumque gregem.
Chartula (proh! monstrum!) summi ad laquearia
Subvolat, et formam jussa capessit avis. [tecti
Spectator lætus videt hæc miracula rerum,
Et stupet occulti captus amore doli.
Multum habet ingenii, multum delusor et artis;
Qui, simul ac aperit se, nihil artis habet.

---

§ First appeared in ed. 1743, p. 220.

IRIS PORTABILIS.‡

COLLIGIT et frangit radios in mille colores
Vitrum, quod docti nomine prisma vocant;
Coccina cæruleis, croceis hyacinthina distant,
Singula per varios attenuata gradus.
Dissimiles umbris sunt umbræ, et linea quævis
Languidior sensim contiguâque minor.
Per sic dispositæ discrimina lucis, in omni
Depictam facie prismatis irin habet.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 221.

"——Levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas."*

CLAUDITUR in caveâ, laqueo quam prenderit auceps,
Et silet, et fatum lugubre plorat avis.
Nec placet angustus carcer, quam limite nullo
Aerias nuper juverat ire vias.
Nascitur, et longo patientia crescit ab usu;
Nec jam, quæ dederat tædia, carcer habet.
Jam se solatur cantu captiva; nec ulla
Suaviùs in campis libera cantat avis.

---

* Ed. 1743, p. 221.

VERITAS ET AMICITIA.‡

EST homo, mercator ruri, cui lux tremit§ in-
In cultu gravitas est, et in ore fides : [tus ;
Qui longis odit verborum ambagibus uti,
Nec cum vicinis dissimulanter agit.
Nec pretium ingeminat venalibus amplius æquo,
Ut mox diminuat, dimidietve, lucrum.
Nec nimis extollit merces, et laudibus auget ;
Commendet meliùs quas suus ipse valor.
Nil vanum aut falsum ; sed *næ* solenniter aut *non*
Profert particulas, et sine fraude, duas.
Quodcunque affirmatu opus est, quodcunque ne-
Affirmat nudè, simpliciterque negat. [gatu,
O probitas primæva ! an et hæc laudatur et alget?
Nonne hæc emptores conciliare potest ?[1]
Næ ! venit, ah ! sanè ! multus venit emptor amicus,
Multaque cum sancto fratre profana soror.

---

‡ See ed. 1743, p. 222. This Poem is in the Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 204, with the title, " Veritas Amicos parit."

§ A Quaker.

[1] ' Solet.'—L. W.

ÆNIGMA.†

(A PIN.)

PARVULA res, et acu minor est, et ineptior usu:
Quotque dies annus, tot tibi drachma dabit.
Sed licèt exigui pretii minimique valoris,
Ecce, quot artificum postulat illa manus!
Unius in primis cura est conflare metallum;
In longa alterius ducere fila labor.
Tertius in partes resecat, quartusque resectum
Perpolit ad modulos attenuatque datos.
Est quinti tornare caput, quod sextus adaptet;
Septimus in punctum cudit et exacuit.
His tandem auxiliis ita res procedit, ut omnes
Ad numeros ingens perficiatur opus.
Quæ tanti ingenii, quæ tanti est summa laboris?
Si mihi respondes, Œdipe, tota tua est.

---

† Ed. 1743, p. 223.

LABOR INEPTIARUM.§

UT genera et species dignoscat papilionum,
Sitque quibus maculis quisque, quibusque notis;
Quotquot agris volitant, studiosè hinc colligit illinc,
Musæi ut servet Fulvius inter opes.
Thesaurum egregium! si quis foret usus habendi:
At cuinam hæc servit cura laborque bono!
Papilio, centum quamvìs servetur in annos,
Nil nisi relliquiæ papilionis erit.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 224.

NEMO MISER NISI COMPARATUS.‡

QUIS fuit infelix adeò ! quis perditus æquè !
  Conqueritur mœsto carmine tristis amans.
Non novus hic questus, rarove auditus ; amantes
  Deserti et spreti mille queruntur idem.
Fatum decantas quod tu miserabile, multus
  Deplorat multo cum Corydone Strephon.
Si tua cum reliquis confertur amica puellis,
  Non ea vel sola est ferrea, tuve miser.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 224.

IN NUPTIAS

SERENISSIMI AURANSIÆ PRINCIPIS

ANNO MDCCXXXIV.‡

QUI magnum exornas, Princeps, virtutibus ortum,
  Auriacum nomen Nassoviamque domum;
Felicem in longum thalamum tibi musa precatur,
  Et quotquot dederit gaudia fidus amor.
Jam non ut mediâ cupimus statuatur in urbe,
  Hisce quòd auxiliis nil Gulielmus eget.
Æra statim sordent, nigrâ ferrugine tincta;
  Et quæ non tempus marmora, livor edit.
Auriaci vultûs quæ spirat imagine vivâ,
  Est quâvis statuâ sanctior effigies.
Anglia si junctis valeatque Hollandia votis,
  In natis priscos tu revocabis avos;
Quæque nec æquabit saxum nec ahenea signa,
  Auriacæ genti tu monumenta dabis.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 225.

PHŒBE ORNATRIX.‡

DORINDA[1] ad speculum longas dum conterit horas,
Comprimat ut positas justior ordo comas;
Serva à secretis juxta stat sedula Phœbe,
In dominæ laudes officiosa suæ:
Omnia mirari præsens, crinemque, coloremque,
Et molles oculos, purpureasque genas.
Quàm bella hæc macula est, lævum quæ stringit ocellum!
Ut veneres geminat[2] lunula bina tuas!
Quàm bene nativæ respondent omnia formæ!
Ut gracilem attenuat zona reducta sinum!

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 226. This Poem appeared in Lusus Westmonaster. p. 205, with the title, "Aliorum obsequere studiis."

[1] 'Belinda.'—L. W.
'*Justior* ut positas *comprimat* ordo comas.'—L. W.

[2] Lunula bina. The Ear-rings.
'Quam geminat veneres.'—L. W.

[3] Nec desunt huic obsequio sua munera ; quanta
Pro merito fas est proque valore dari.
Fasciolis Phœbe, Phœbe donata lacernis,
Et placet, et, quanti sit placuisse, docet.

---

[3] 'Nec desunt,' &c.—This and the following line are not found in the Lus. Westm.

ODOR LUCRI.§

PAULINA ad turrim quà semita ducit ab æde,
  Nomen de Thamisi flumine vicus habet.
Nequaquam violis conspergitur ille rosisque,
  Nedum olet, ut pictus floribus hortus olet.
Nec thus, nec nardum, nec aroma aut cinnama vendit,
  Aut felix quicquid mittit odoris Arabs.
Caseus ast illic, quem Cestria pressit, abundat
  Multus; et id sentis olfaciendo procul.
Millia lychnorum pendent ex ordine multa;
  Inque cadis sapo, pix, oleumque jacent.
Innumeræ haleces doliis cumulantur in amplis,
  Et salsamenti conditur omne genus.
Cæpe manu est majus, pætumque,[1] oh nausea turpis!
  Hinc longe emunctæ, cottile, naris, abi!
Quæ te adeò offendunt, Thamisini sunt ea vici
  Divitiæ; et cessat lucrum, ubi cessat odor.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 227.

[1] P. 259: 'Nec comes ingratus, *pætum* cum leniter haurit.' (I had conjectured 'Porrumque,' in this line,) see Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 24.

DECOR INEMPTUS.§

FŒMINA munditiis simplex, cultuque pudica est,
Quam tremulam‡ à tremulâ relligione vocant:
Illa, nihil sæc'li sapiens, nec crispat ad aures
Crinem, nec collum nudat ad usque sinus.
Quam natura dedit, formâ contenta, satisque
Pulchra, adjumenti nil aliunde petit.
Tota placens, et tota decens, et tota venusta,
Auget quas celat, quasque revelat opes.
Huic formam invideat, quæ formam accersit ab arte,
Et pars exigua est ipsa puella suî:
Quæ, male dedignans nativis dotibus uti,
Ornatum, sese quo dehonestet, emit.
Et simul agnoscat, veneres quando invidet istas,
Quodcunque est simplex, illud et esse decens.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 228. ‡ Quakeress.

LIMAX.†

FRONDIBUS et pomis herbisque tenaciter hæret
Limax, et secum portat ubique domum.
Tutus in hac sese occultat, siquando peric'lum
Imminet, aut subitæ decidit imber aquæ.
Cornua vel leviter tangas, se protinus in se
Colligit, in proprios contrahiturque lares.
Secum habitat, quacunque habitat; sibi tota supellex;
Solæ, quas adamat, quasque requirit, opes.
Secum potat, edit, dormit; sibi in ædibus îsdem
Conviva et comes est, hospes et hospitium.
Limacem, quacunque siet, quacunque moretur,
(Siquis eum quærat) dixeris esse domi.

---

† Ed. 1743, p. 229.

Πάντα Γέλως.‡

HEROUM quo fama abiit! vulgataque quondam
Antiquis ubi sunt nomina in historiis!
Heu! quanta humanis insunt ludibria rebus!
Gloria, cùm tantùm gloria, quàm nihili est!
Pompeium quis conjiceret nunc esse Molossum!
Cæsara quis lanii crederet esse canem!
At sunt; rivales at sunt: certaminis (aut os
Aut offam carnis projice) testis eris.
Scipio, fulmen adhuc belli, tauro involat acer,
Et validos lacerat dente tenace toros.
Quod defensor erat Trojæ, defensor et horti est;
Et canis est Hector, quod fuit Hector homo.
Qui præter reliquos sævus sitiensque cruoris,
Ille, nec immerito, dicitur ille Nero.
Ut coriis fures unctis absterreat, ille
Latratu multo perpete nocte furit.
En quo processit verborum injuria! Brutus
Expellit porcos, et Cato servat oves.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 230.

At neque servatur major reverentia divis,
  At neque cœlitibus nomina sancta magis:
Juno, Diana, Venus, quondam celebrata poetis
  Numina, jam nuribus sunt gremialis amor:
Curribus ad varios cœtus hinc inde feruntur;
  Seu fors templa magis, sive theatra juvent.
Si foret in terris Democritus, hanc quoque justam
  Materiem risûs dixerit esse sui.

——" Si propiùs stes,
Te capiet minùs."‡——

LONDINI ad pontem prono cùm labimur amne,
Quam tua dat turris dulce, Maria,† melos!
Ut servat justum quævis campana tenorem!
Pulsata ut variis contremit aura sonis!
Nec mora, nec requies; ripas concentibus implet,
Alternans hilares ingeminansque vices.
Quo magis abscedis, tentat numerosior aurem
Musica; lætantur corda, salitque jecur.
Talis ab harmoniâ surgit distante voluptas;
Sin turrim introeas, omnia clangor erit.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 231.

† St. Mary Overie.

VULGUS NON RECTUM VIDET.§

SI discum solis lunæ interceperit orbis,
(Quod rarum non est dicere phænomenon)
Vitra statim infuscant alter speculator et alter,
Nec possunt prorsus dissimulare metum.
At si, quod bino, quod trino haud accidit ævo,
Horrendùm longo crine cometa rubet;
Quod non prodigium cœli hæc denunciat ira!
Interitum mundi, judiciique diem!
Continuo plateâ Miserere auditur in omni;
Quod pueri ingeminant, ingeminantque senes.
Lymphatis similes discurrunt undique nymphæ;
Occultæ in cellâ quâque precantur anus.
Interea astronomus, speculâ observator in altâ,
Rerum hæc securo pectore monstra videt:
Scilicet hæc longum præsenserat ille futura:
In tantum distant vulgus et astronomus.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 232.

INNOCENS PRÆDATRIX.‡

SEDULA per campos, nullo defessa labore,
  In cellâ ut stipet mella, vagatur apis:
Purpureum vix florem opifex prætervolat unum,
  Innumeras inter quas alit hortus opes;
Herbula gramineis vix una innascitur agris,
  Thesauri unde aliquid non studiosa legit.
A flore ad florem transit, mollique volando
  Delibat tactu suave quod intus habent.
Omnia delibat, parcè sed et omnia, furti
  Ut ne vel minimum videris indicium.
Omnia degustat tam parcè, ut gratia nulla
  Floribus, ut nullus diminuatur odor.
Non ita prædantur modicè bruchique et erucæ;
  Non, ista hortorum maxima pestis, aves:
Non ita raptores corvi, quorum improba rostra
  Despoliant agros effodiuntque sata.
Succos immiscens succis, ita suaviter omnes
  Temperat, ut dederit chymia nulla pares.
Vix furtum est illud, dicive injuria debet,
  Quod cerâ et multo melle rependit apis.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 233.

"Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent."§

PER Batavûm plateas (ita, gens operosa, cavetis)
Mendicus nemo, nemo vagatur iners.
Non cæcus, non claudus iners; modo sint tibi, claude,
Qui prosint, oculi; sint tibi, cæce, manus.
Non operum immunis puer est, non grandior ævo;
Sed sua stant puero, stant sua pensa seni.
O prudens hominum respublica! [1] natio vestra,
In terris usquam si siet, Utopia est.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 234. This Poem is in Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 50.

[1] ————‘ quam meliorem
Utopiam dederis tu, More, tuve Plato?'—L. W.

PASSERES INDIGENÆ;

COLL. TRIN. CANT. COMMENSALES.‡

INCOLA qui nôrit sedes, aut viserit hospes,
  Newtoni egregii quas celebravit honos;
Viditque et meminit, lætus fortasse videndo,
  Quàm multa ad mensas advolitârit avis.
Ille nec ignorat, nidos ut, vere ineunte,
  Tecta per et forulos et tabulata struat:
Ut coràm educat teneros ad pabula fœtus,
  Et pascat micis, quas det amica manus.
Convivas quoties campanæ ad prandia pulsus
  Convocat, haud epulis certior hospes adest.
Continuo, jucunda simul vox fertur ad aures,
  Vicinos passer quisque relinquit agros.
Hospitium ad notum properatur; et ordine stantes
  Expectant panis fragmina quisque sua.
Hos tamen, hos omnes, vix uno largior asse
  Sumptus per totam pascit alitque diem.
Hunc unum, hunc modicum (nec quisquam inviderit) assem
  Indigenæ, hospitii jure, merentur aves.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 235.

EPITAPHIA.§

HIC juxtà tumulatus est
Eximiæ spei adolescentulus
Honorabilis J. L. G.
Quem
Venustum obiisse et innocentem,
Siquidem homo sis, dolebis;
Sin supra humanitatem sapis,
Lætabere.
Mortalia reliquit A.D. MDCCXXII.
Annum ætatis agens duodecimum.

---

§ In Porticu Septentrionali
Fani Westmonasteriensis.

H. S. E.
GULIELMUS DICKINSON Arm.
Architectus;
*Qualis! suspice.
Obiit 24°. die Januarii
A.D. 1724. suæque ætatis 54.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 236. * See Wren's Monument.

MAGNI juxta Exuvias Newtoni ‡
Voluit et suas jacere
JOHANNES WOODWARD, M. D.
Qui
Philosophus esse et Christianus;
Deumque, quem per omnia invenerat explorata,
Agnoscere et venerari
Non gravatus est:
Terræque abdita et mirabilia
Curiosè sed humiliter,
Piè sed feliciter,
Perscrutatus:
Ad Occultiorum Cognitionem,
Et ad Sublimiorum Theoriam
Admissus est
Et Contemplator et particeps:
A. D. MDCCXXVIII,
Suæque ætatis LXIII.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 237.

CLAUSTRO OCCIDENTALI§

FANI WESTMONASTERIENSIS DESTINATUM.

IV Die Aprilis A. D. MDCCXXXVII,
Ineunte Ætatis anno vicesimo secundo,
Obiit
JONATHAN MARTIN;
Musices à Puero feliciter studiosus,
Et, vix dum adultus,
Organista in Sacellum Regium
cooptatus.
Hoc Arti scilicet, hoc Moribus,
Hoc Vitæ brevitati datum est,
Ut juvenis statim excelleret,
Et fieret cito
Quod diu non erat futurus.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 238.

SUB hoc Marmore servatur‡
(Diuque servetur inviolabilis)
E. H.
Virgo
Venustatis tam raræ,
Et tam castæ Sanctitatis,
Ut nullum suis
Vel amandi viva, vel mortua lugendi
Statuerit modum.

QUOD tuos infra pedes‡
Neglectum nunc latet et conculcatum,
Aliquando fuit
M. R.
Omnium, quotquot uspiam sunt, gratiarum
Ditissimus Thesaurus;
In illum diem,
Quo abditum quodque et quodque pretiosum
Iterum in Lucem evocabitur,
Summâ cum fide hîc conservandus.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 239.

HIC propè sepulta est §
A. D.
Puellula rarissimæ formæ ;
Cui accessit
Verecunda Rosarum purpura,
Castusque Liliorum candor :
Accessit quidem,
Sed, ut humanæ breves sunt deliciæ,
Exarsit statim et evanuit,
Suavissimum suî relinquens
Odorem et desiderium :
Dum æterno vere donetur et efflorescat.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 240.

HIC infrà jacet,||
E silentio et tenebris
In Lucis et Gloriæ transferenda Æternitatem,
Egregii Nominis Mulier
F. T.
Terris idcirco data et adempta,
Ut intelligerent Homines
Quo Virtus Amore
Amplectenda sit incolumis,
Quâ Invidiâ
Quærenda sit sublata.

|| Ed. 1743, p. 240.

PAUPER JOHANNES;‡

POCULUM SIC DICTUM: COLL. TRIN. CANT. DONO DATUM.

INSIGNIS famâ scyphus est, et splendidus usu,
  Qui suum ab inscripto[1] carmine nomen habet,
Nocturnus studiis sæpe ille adjutor, alumnus
  Cùm solus fruitur se fruiturque libris:
Nec comes ingratus, pætum cum leniter haurit,
  Et reficit sese lentus odore tubi.
At non immodicos potanti sufficit haustus;
  Mensurâ cyathos vix superante duos.
Quanquam nec titulos, et avita insignia præfert,
  Nec quid paupertas ambitionis habet;
Nec Barringtonio similes ostentat honores,
  Cristamque et scutum,[2] sanguineamque manum:
Atqui animi memoris, gratique est pectoris index;
  Est etiam in parvo munere dantis amor.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 243.

[1] Inscribitur poculo hoc distichon;
Pauper Johannes, dictus cognomine Clarkson,
  Hunc Cyathum dono gratuitoque dedit.

[2] Insigne Baronetti.

Nomina cùm majora scyphis exederit ætas,
  Nec distincta suis nec memoranda notis:
Pauper Johannes seris testabitur annis,
  Versu, quem simplex sed pia musa canit;
Non esse argenti pondus, quod dona; sed esse
  Donantis mentem, quæ pretiosa facit.

SELLA PACIFICA.||

UTILIS est cathedra, et multo superimminet
amni,
Rerum, ubi nascuntur jurgia, certa salus;
Effrænem cohibet quæ linguam, et temperat iras,
Nec sinit, ut ratio deserat imperium.
In quâ Xantippe quæcunque immergitur undis
Ter quater, innocuâ mitior exit ove.
Nec quidquam irarum reminiscitur illa; furoris
Tam cito defervet vis, animique cadunt.
Quid docet hæc sella, attentè perpenderis; et nil
Socraticam dices par docuisse scholam.

|| Ed. 1743, p. 244.

EPILOGUS AD EUNUCHUM.‡

EN! adsum miles veteranus, inutilis armis,
  Sed regi et patriæ fidus, ut usque, meæ:
Quem magis aurati rutilo fulgore galeri
  Commendat validum cor, lepidumque caput:
Quem Mars truncavit—sed cui Chelseia rependit
  Et mutilos artus et mihi quicquid abest.
Pars ego parva meî—sed sum πλέον ἥμισυ παντός;
  Sanctior est salvâ parva tabella rate.
Lumine suffosso luscus; sed et Hannibal ipse,
  Quem Roma horrebat, sic oculatus erat.
Uno crure minor, sed crure superstite in altum,
  Altiùs ut nemo, subsiluisse valens.
Nec fractis vel adhuc animis; sed strenuus illâ,
  Quæ superest, audax intrepidusque manu.
Quid vero his majus dabit iste domesticus heros?
  Quid simile his miles scenicus iste Thraso?
Illius in plumis tunicâque est unica virtus;
  Omnis in illæso corpore constat honor.
Pulchrior in pannis me gloria vestit; et hoc crus,
  Hæc manus, hic oculus, duplicis instar erit.
Quo me excepistis, vos O! dimittite plausu;
  Et mihi felicem plausero militiam.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 245.

DEFENDIT NUMERUS.§

BLANDIOR indulsit, felis, tibi parca; novenâ
  Nam tibi net Lachesis fila novena colo.
Hinc, si missa voles celsi de culmine tecti,
  [1] Decidis in tutos præcipitata pedes.
Nec, miseram licèt infestent laniique canesque,
  Te lanii exanimant, exanimantve canes.
Si moriare semel, si bis, si terve, quaterve,
  Plusquam dimidiâ parte superstes eris.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 246. This Poem is in Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 19.

[1] 'Volveris.'—L. W.

USUS QUADRIGARUM.‡

IN curru conduco locum, visurus amicum,
Millia qui decies distat ab urbe novem.
Impatiens auriga moræ nos urget, et, hora
Cùm nondum sonuit tertia, jungit equos.
Vix experrectus, media inter somnia, surgo,
Per longum miserè discutiendus iter. [que;
Ingredior, sedeo; cubitumque coarctor utrum-
Atque duas pingues comprimor inter anus.
Cum matre e contrà puer est, milesque protervus;
Distento hos inter corpore caupo sedet.
Nec vix illuxit, quin hinc agitamur et illinc,
Aspera quà ducit, quà salebrosa via.
Altera tussit anus, rixatur et altera; jurat
Miles, ῥογκίζει caupo, vomitque puer.
Dulce sodalitium! si sint hæc usque quadrigis
Commoda, maluerim longiùs ire pedes.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 247.

PERVENIRI AD SUMMUM NISI EX PRINCIPIIS NON POTEST.

NEWTONUM ingentem, lumen non unius ævi,
  A. B. quæ docuit prima, magistra fuit.
Doctior ille statim vetulâ, cito sensit inani
  Quiddam his literulis majus inesse sono.
Protinus egregios elementis repperit usus;
  Usus, quos nunquam conjiciebat anus.
Notosque ignotis numeros conferre peritus,
  Inde potestates format utrisque datas.
Laudo tamen vetulæ præcepta ea primula, quæque
  Newtoni haud dubitem dicere Principia.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 248.

SPE FINIS.‡

AD dextram, ad lævam, porro, retro, itque reditque,
Deprensum in laqueo quem labyrinthus habet.
Et legit et relegit gressus, sese explicet unde,
Perplexum quærens unde revolvat iter.
Sta modo, respira paulum, simul accipe filum;
Certius et melius non Ariadne dabit.
Sic te, sic solum, expedies errore: viarum
Principium invenias, id tibi finis erit.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 248.

QUOD TIBI VIS, ID ALTERI ET TU FECERIS.†

OFFICIOSA senem, succincta, et sedula (fingit
Sic tabula Heemskirkî ludicra) tondet anus.
Inque vices (idem sic ludit amabile pictor)
Æquâ tondet anum conditione senex.
Cùm vetulus sit uterque, et sit barbatus uterque,
Fas est, alterius poscat ut alter opem.

---

† Ed. 1743, p. 249.

CONSULE, QUID VALEANT HUMERI.‡

ROBUSTIS fert mundum humeris, et pondere curvus
  Sudat, et ingenti mole laborat Atlas. [rum
Quos nervos, quam cervicem, quæ brachia, cru-
  Quàm validos nexus tam grave poscit onus!
O cautè incedas; minimus nam si tibi lapsus
  Offendat gressus, omnia corruimus.

---

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 249. This Poem is in Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 12.

OBSUNT AUTHORIBUS ARTES. ||

INSTRUMENTA necis, quæ nitrum et sulphura miscet,
In flammam ignescit, subruiturque mola.
Cuncta volant, lacerique artus et saxa trabesque,
Et distans subito fulmine terra tremit.
Triste genus lethi! sed quo, si funere tali
Dignus erat quisquam, dignus et author erat.

|| Ed. 1743, p. 249. This Poem is in Lusus Westmonasteriensis, p. 84.

OPTIMUM EST CONVIVIUM,

IN QUOD CHORAULES NON VENIT.†

MAGNA instauravit Macedo convivia victor,
  Adjuvit festas et citharista dapes:
Heroum cecinit simul ille ingentia facta
  Argivûm, in Persis qui cecidêre plagis:
Exarsit juvenis, dederat quas musicus, iris;
  Nec longùm, exclamat, victor inultus ero.
Et triste ô facinus! Persepolis illa venusta
  Urbs fuit, æquavit quam citharœdus humo.

---

† Ed. 1743, p. 250.

——— Minorem
Ne lædas, cave.‡

CORPORIS exigui, sed magni est nominis§ author,
Quem vexat scriptis non ita parva manus.
Ille diu tacitus, sed non perterritus, iram
Ingenti tectam pectore dissimulat.
Ex improviso cùm tandem Duncias exit;
Bilem habet et totus, fel, aloenque, liber:
Dixerit ut monitus quivis, læsisse gigantem
Tutius, exiguum quàm tetigisse virum.

‡ Ed. 1743, p. 250. § Alex. Pope.

NULLI TE FACIAS NIMIS SODALEM.§

PALPAT heram felis, gremio recubans in anili;
  Quam semel atque iterum Lydia palpat hera.
Ludum lis sequitur; nam totos exerit ungues,
  Et longo lacerat vulnere felis anum.
Continuo exardens gremio muliercula felem
  Nec gravibus multis excutit absque minis.
Quod tamen haud æquum est—si vult cum fele jocari,
  Felinum debet Lydia ferre jocum.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 251.

UT VIVAS, VIGILA.§

CUI mors est lucrum, cui mors est janua vitæ,
Tristia qui curat funera, tristis homo est:
Discurrit totam venaticus ille per urbem,
Ille, quis ægrotat, quis moriturque, rogat.
Curre, puer, sonuitne, roga, campana? fenestra,
Indicium mortis, quæ sit aperta, vide.
Alter enim, satagas ni sic vigilare, cadaver,
Qui mihi præripiet, vultur, et alter erit.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 251.

TEMPORE NIL FACIAS ALIENO.§

AD modulum capitis se Flavia crispat ovini,
  Et collum ad medios nudat anile sinus.
Ista parum prosunt: nullâ celabitur arte,
  Quæ vetulum infecit cana senecta caput.
Nec bene conveniet rugis adsumere nugas,
  Quas nuribus nostris Gallia vana dedit.
Quod sis, esse velis; et cùm revocare juventam,
  Flavia, non poteris, sis patienter anus.

---

§ Ed. 1743, p. 252.

——— Τὸ μεταξὺ μεριμνῶ,
Πῶς ἅμα σοι κλαύσω, πῶς ἅμα σοι γελάσω.||

IN tabulis binos ‡ fratres persæpe videre est,
Utrumque, ut tradit fama vetusta, senem,
Hic sese in risum, patulo sine dentibus ore,
Solvit, et humanas res facit esse jocum:
In lachrymas fusus, vultuque heu! tetricus ille
Rebus in humanis nil nisi triste videt.
Ridenti aut flenti credis? si credis utrique,
Sunt res humanæ *flebile ludibrium.*

|| Ed. 1743, p. 252.
‡ Democritus and Heraclitus.

EPILOGUS IN EUNUCHUM TERENTII.

INTRAT GNATHO CUM TYMPANISTA TYMPANUM PULSANTE.

GNATHO LOQUITUR.

SISTE, tace; Gnatho sum Miles, cùm gloria pulchra
Evocat ad Martem, quis parasitus erit?
Aut quis venari cœnas et prandia malit,
Nobile cui stimulet pectus honoris amor?
Vix benè conscriptus, quali ecce ego munere cingor,
Quàm celsum ostendo συμϐολον imperii!
Nec prece nec pretio, tantum gestamen adeptus,
Sed propriâ omnino vi, meritisque meis.
Ecce autem *Aureoli* mihi sunt, *solidique* nitentes,
Vestri qui dabitis nomina malitiæ.
Aureolis solidisque novis, hæc insuper addam,
Arma, novas vestes, hospitiumque bonum.
Vos animi fortes, quibus est vetus Anglica virtus,
Vos, pudet imbelles quos residere domi,

Vos, quibus est robur, solidoque in corpore vires,
Vos, quibus est cordi Rex, Patriæque salus,
Nolite, ambitio populos ut vexet et urbes
Gallica, pro libito diripiatque suo.
Nec retrahat se quisquam, ideo excusabilis,armis
Quod minus est aptus, militiæque rudis:
Tres intrà menses,—aut saltem quatuor, usu
Ipse ego solertes vos, habilesque dabo.
Primum, ire arrectos, et torva docebo tueri;
Et deinde, ad numeros ferre, referre pedes;
Prorsùm, retrorsùm, et quoquoversùm, ire docebo,
Et quem informabo cunque, *Gradivus* erit.
Nec temerè hæc dixi, vos huc accedite, lenti,
Et calce à lævo tres numerate gradus.
Agrestis tu, tolle caput,—tu sæva tuere;
Passibus æquatis pergite,—state,—bene.
Ad lævam stipate, ad dextram aperite phalangem,
Tu sta,—vos lateri huic claudite utrinque duo:
Perquam hæc egregiè; à lævâ dignoscere dextram
Sunt quorum et studium poscit, et ingenium.
Pergite ut incipitis de me, mea corda, mereri,
Et fore promitto vos aliquando duces.
Arma viros facient; vosmet, simul arma geratis,
Scribatis, jubeo, protinus *armigeros;*
Hâc lege, ut conclametis, *Rex vivat;* idemque
Tu repetas, Stentor noster, utrâque manu.

EPILOGUS IN PHORMIONEM TERENTII FABULAM.

NAUSISTRATA ET CHREMES.

Chr. Huc prorepo foris. Pulchra et veneranda corona
Est mihi, namque domi stultior uxor;—adest.
Nau. Quid molire novi, semper temerarie conjux?
Te nondum sentis desipuisse senem?
Chr. Ipse salutatum venio, charissima sponsa.
Nau. Mitte; salutabo dignior ipsa loqui.
Verba mihi haud desunt, mihi lingua volubilis errat,
Nec sunt tanta tibi munera.
Chr. Quanta tibi!
Nau. O Spectatores, ut me juvat ora tueri!
Chr. O Spectatrices, me quoque vestra.
Nau. Tace.
Estote o faciles, linguis animisque favete.
Chr. Eccam, consiliis utitur ipsa suis.
Nau. Sic nequis vestrum, meus ut vir, mente labascat,
Neve puella viro.
Chr. Garrula fiat anus.

TRANSLATIONS

BY W. COWPER.

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

(Page 61.)

SWEET bird, whom the winter constrains—
And seldom another it can—
To seek a retreat while he reigns
In the well shelter'd dwellings of man,
Who never can seem to intrude,
Though in all places equally free,
Come, oft as the season is rude,
Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day
My windows shall show thee a feast.
For, taught by experience, I know
Thee mindful of benefit long;
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
    Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
    Or where it shall please thee to sing:
And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,
    Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
    Only pay as thou paid'st me before.

Thus music must needs be confess'd
    To flow from a fountain above;
Else how should it work in the breast
    Unchangeable friendship and love?
And who on the globe can be found,
    Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
    Or boasts any musical powers?

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

WHO LIVED ONE HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIED ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1728.

(Page 120.)

ANCIENT dame, how wide and vast
  To a race like ours appears,
Rounded to an orb at last,
  All thy multitude of years!

We, the herd of human kind,
  Frailer and of feebler powers;
We, to narrow bounds confined,
  Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we
  Perish even from the womb,
Swifter than a shadow flee,
  Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease
  Lurk in all that we enjoy;
Some that waste us by degrees,
  Some that suddenly destroy.

And, if life o'erleap the bourn
  Common to the sons of men,
What remains, but that we mourn,
  Dream, and dote, and drivel then?

Fast as moons can wax and wane
  Sorrow comes; and while we groan,
Pant with anguish, and complain,
  Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few (to few 'tis given),
  Lingering on this earthly stage,
Creep and halt with steps uneven
  To the period of an age,

Wherefore live they, but to see
  Cunning, arrogance, and force,
Sights lamented much by thee,
  Holding their accustom'd course?

Oft was seen, in ages past,
  All that we with wonder view;
Often shall be to the last;
  Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate, content
  Should propitious Heaven design
Life for us as calmly spent,
  Though but half the length of thine.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

(Page 127.)

ANDROCLES, from his injured lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roar'd approaching: but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed—arrived within,
And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand;
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought; he wiped the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.

Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—
Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
Home! native home! O might he but repair!
He must—he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and doom'd to perish on the sands
Of the full theatre unpitied stands:
When lo! the selfsame lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
And, soften'd by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

Mute with astonishment, the assembly gaze:
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is natural: nature bade him rend
An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

(Page 139.)

IN this mimic form of a matron in years,
How plainly the pencil of Denner appears!
The matron herself, in whose old age we see
Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she!
No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
No wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow!
Her forehead indeed is here circled around
With locks like the ribbon with which they are
bound;
While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin;
But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.
Yet all is express'd with fidelity due,
Nor a pimple or freckle conceal'd from the view.
Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste.
The youths all agree, that could old age inspire
The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,

And the matrons with pleasure confess that they
 see
Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.
The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a de-
 cline,
O wonderful woman! as placid as thine.
 Strange magic of art! which the youth can
 engage
To peruse, half enamour'd, the features of age;
And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,
That she when as old shall be equally fair!
How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,
Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd.

THE THRACIAN.

(Page 159.)

THRACIAN parents, at his birth,
Mourn their babe with many a tear,
But with undissembled mirth
Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,
" O the savages!" exclaim,
" Whether they rejoice or mourn,
Well entitled to the name."

But the cause of this concern,
And this pleasure, would they trace,
Even they might somewhat learn
From the savages of Thrace.

THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.

(Page 162.)

APELLES, hearing that his boy
Had just expired—his only joy!
Although the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seized his brush, his colours spread;
And—"Oh! my child, accept,"—he said,
"('Tis all that I can now bestow),
This tribute of a father's woe!"
Then, faithful to the twofold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He closed his eyes with tender care,
And form'd at once a fellow pair.
His brow with amber locks beset,
And lips he drew not livid yet;
And shaded all that he had done
To a just image of his son.
Thus far is well. But view again
The cause of thy paternal pain!
Thy melancholy task fulfill!
It needs the last, last touches still.

Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies:
And still his cheek unfaded shows
The deepest damask of the rose.
Then, heedful to the finish'd whole,
With fondest eagerness he stole,
Till scarce himself distinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.
Now, painter, cease! Thy task is done.
Long lives this image of thy son;
Nor short lived shall the glory prove
Or of thy labour or thy love.

ON THE

PICTURE OF A SLEEPING CHILD.

(Page 178.)

SWEET babe! whose image here express'd
Does thy peaceful slumbers show;
Guilt or fear, to break thy rest,
Never did thy spirit know.

Soothing slumbers! soft repose!
Such as mock the painter's skill,
Such as innocence bestows,
Harmless infant! lull thee still!

THE CAUSE WON.

(Page 181.)

TWO neighbours furiously dispute;
A field—the subject of the suit.
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
With which the combatants engage,
'Twere hard to tell who covets most
The prize—at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell. Words still suffice:
No single word but has its price.
No term but yields some fair pretence
For novel and increased expense.

Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he that bore it may disclaim,
Since both, in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

(PAGE 185.)

THE shepherd touch'd his reed; sweet Philomel
Essay'd, and oft essay'd to catch the strain,
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
And soon (for various was his tuneful store)
In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,
With all the force that passion gives inspired,
Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close
Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill prevail'd. O fatal strife,
By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun;
And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,
And he may wish that he had never won.

A MANUAL,

MORE ANCIENT THAN THE ART OF PRINTING, AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY CATALOGUE.

(Page 198.)

THERE is a book, which we may call
(Its excellence is such)
Alone a library, though small;
The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things numerous it contains:
And things with words compared,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
Which merits most regard?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue
A golden edging boast;
And open'd, it displays to view
Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name nor title, stamp'd behind,
Adorns its outer part;
But all within 'tis richly lined,
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard
Oft visit: and the fair
Preserve it in their bosoms stored,
As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of every size,
And form'd for various use,
(They need but to consult their eyes)
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind
Possess the foremost page,
A sort most needed by the blind,
Or nearly such from age.

The full charged leaf, which next ensues,
Presents in bright array
The smaller sort, which matrons use,
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply
What their occasions ask,
Who with a more discerning eye
Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
From size to size they fall,
In every leaf grow less and less;
The last are least of all.

O! what a fund of genius, pent
In narrow space is here!
This volume's method and intent
How luminous and clear.

It leaves no reader at a loss
Or posed, whoever reads:
No commentator's tedious gloss,
Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er!
No book is treasured there,
Nor yet in Granta's numerous store,
That may with this compare.

No!—rival none in either host
Of this was ever seen,
Or, that contents could justly boast,
So brilliant and so keen.

THE CANTAB.

(Page 208.)

With two spurs or one, and no great matter which,
Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand ;—you must wait for the rest.
Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally for better or worse ;
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather ;
And in violent haste to go not knowing whither :
Through the fields and the towns ; (see !) he scampers along,
And is look'd at and laugh'd at by old and by young.
Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.
In a waggon or chaise, shall he finish his route ?
Oh ! scandalous fate ! he must do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear!—I am older than you!
The advice that I give I have proved to be true,
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

THE SILKWORM.

(Page 218.)

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible, disclose;
All winter long content to dwell
The tenant of his native shell.
The same prolific season gives
The sustenance by which he lives,
The mulberry leaf, a simple store,
That serves him—till he needs no more!
For, his dimensions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;
Though till his growing time be past,
Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
That hour arrived, his work begins.
He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins;
Till circle upon circle wound
Careless around him and around,
Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
Impervious to the keenest sight.
Thus self-enclosed as in a cask,
At length he finishes his task;

And, though a worm when he was lost,
Or caterpillar at the most,
When next we see him, wings he wears,
And in papilio pomp appears;
Becomes oviparous; supplies
With future worms and future flies
The next ensuing year—and dies!
Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though shorter lived than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he.

AN ENIGMA.

(PAGE 237.)

A NEEDLE, small as small can be,
In bulk and use surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear;
For little, and almost for nought,
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procured at little cost,
The labour is not light;
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their several tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The sheers another plies;
Who clips in length the brazen thread
For him who, chafing every shred,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
The knob with which it must be crown'd;
His follower makes it fast:
And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point, employs awhile
The seventh and the last.

Now therefore, Œdipus! declare
What creature, wonderful, and rare,
A process that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado
At last produces!—tell me true,
And take me for your pains!

NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.

(Page 239.)

THE lover, in melodious verses,
His singular distress rehearses.
Still closing with a rueful cry,
" Was ever such a wretch as I!"
Yes! thousands have endured before
All thy distress; some, haply, more.
Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like disdain;
And if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

THE SNAIL.

(Page 245.)

TO grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house, with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermitlike, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combined)
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.

(Page 250.)

NOT a flower can be found in the fields,
  Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to the least, but it yields
  The bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored
  With a diligence truly exact;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
  Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
  And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
  Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
  The cankerworm in-dwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
  The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
  The pride of the garden devours;
And birds peck the seed from the bed,
  Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill
  Her pillage so fits for her use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
  Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
  Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
  Neither honey nor wax would be left.

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

(Page 252.)

NONE ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nest they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,
Sagacious listeners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,

To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.
Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge:
A single doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day;
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place?

THE MAZE.

(Page 266.)

FROM right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the mystery, but in vain;
Stand still, and breathe, and take from me
A clue, that soon shall set you free!
Not Ariadne, if you meet her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You enter'd easily—find where—
And make with ease your exit there!

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

(Page 272.)

As in her ancient mistress' lap
The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
And with protruded claws
Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
She shakes her to the ground
With many a threat that she shall bleed
With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest:
It was a venial stroke:
For she that will with kittens jest
Should bear a kitten's joke.

FINIS.